

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



The temple of Apollo at Didyma, near the Ionian city of Miletus (see page 612)

**In this number:**

**The Prime Minister's tribute to Mr. Ernest Bevin**





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## Illusions and Facts in Western Germany

By ERNST FRIEDLAENDER

THE Federal Government recently warned all business enterprises in western Germany not in any way to aid a number of organisations which were described as inimical to the state and the constitution. This was not simply a theoretical warning, the Federal Government, although fostering free economy in private enterprise, is the greatest single buyer of goods and services in this country. The Federal Railways are Government owned, and the Government's housing programme alone involves an annual expenditure of more than £200,000,000. So, if Government orders are withheld from firms not complying with the request from Bonn, these firms are bound to feel the consequences.

The list attached to this official warning specifically named fifteen anti-constitutional organisations. Two of these are comparatively unimportant groups, of a rightist and nationalist character. The other thirteen are communist. The Communist Party itself heads the list. There are a few others, such as the Society for Soviet-German Friendship and the Society for the Study of the Soviet Union, where the name leaves no doubt as to the political aims of the organisation. But then we find on the list the Free German Youth, the German Committee of Fighters for Peace, the Democratic Women's League, the Democratic Cultural League of Germany, and several such fine-sounding names, where there is not the slightest allusion to communist tendencies. But all these societies, leagues and committees are strictly under com-

munist control, as is also true of the very active union of those persecuted by the Nazi regime.

Camouflage has become the outstanding characteristic of communist activities in western Germany. They are trying to fool some of the people all of the time. But it is not simply a matter of fooling. There are some timid souls who, even if they suspected the communist truth behind the democratic or pacifist camouflage, might feel tempted to join an organisation of that sort. And there have been instances where business advertisements were placed with communist newspapers by well-known German firms. Yes, there are some people who are playing safe, in this country as everywhere in the world. We call it 're-insurance' in Germany.

But this kind of re-insurance is really held in contempt by the vast majority of Germans. It is considered to be both cowardly and silly. Anyway, the Government's warning was sensible as well as timely. It was, in fact, part of a campaign—an anti-communist campaign. The same list of dangerous organisations had already been published half a year ago. At that time, the Federal Government in Bonn formally announced that membership in any of these organisations was no longer compatible with employment by the Federal Government, and the regional and municipal authorities throughout western Germany were advised to act accordingly. This meant no less than the dismissal of all members of the incriminated organisations from all official posts, including railroad employees, post office officials, and so on. This was the hardest blow ever struck



against communism in western Germany. The communists, of course, objected violently and maintained that the action itself was anti-constitutional, violating the right of free coalition and free assembly. The same protest was launched again when the Government issued its recent warning to business firms. It is to be expected that the case will come before the Supreme Constitutional Court of Western Germany, which is provided for in the constitution, but has as yet not been set up.

### A Serious Problem

All this goes to show that communism is a serious problem in western Germany. This does not mean to say that a considerable number of western Germans are active communists. On the contrary, the election statistics show a steady and continuous decrease in the communist vote over the last few years. In the latest regional elections, both in Hesse and Württemberg-Baden not a single communist candidate was returned. Out of the 402 members of the Federal Parliament, the Bundestag, elected eighteen months ago, only fifteen are communists, and there would probably be even fewer if we had new elections today. Communism in western Germany is not a mass danger. But it is, nevertheless, a danger to the masses, by means of propaganda, of various kinds of infiltration, and of a weakening of morale generally. It is a system of 'double think' so ingeniously described in George Orwell's book 1984, the system of never saying what you mean, and never meaning what you say, which is so dangerous.

The communists are not so crude as to introduce purely communist ideas in western Germany; what they are talking about is peace, German unity, and a free Germany evacuated by all four occupying powers. They appeal to national sentiment. This was also the line taken by Otto Grotewohl, Minister-President of the so-called German Democratic Republic in the Soviet zone of Germany. Grotewohl, in his letter of November 30 to Federal Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, proposed an all-German round table conference. A constituent council was to follow, in which western and eastern Germany were to be equally represented. The council's task was to prepare a German Government and general elections for a national constituent assembly. The council was also to contact the four occupying powers, in order to conclude a peace treaty with Germany. So it was all peace and the restoration of German unity, two goals universally popular in Germany, east and west of the Iron Curtain. Later, when there was no response from Bonn, the east German puppet parliament followed the east German puppet Government, with an appeal to the Bundestag, along the same lines.

The final answer was given in the Bonn Parliament. The overwhelming majority of the Bundestag, including Dr. Schumacher's Opposition party of Social Democrats, adopted a solemn resolution in favour of German unity, based on liberty. This resolution also demanded four-zonal general elections in Germany, but the emphasis was laid on truly free elections. It was stated very clearly, and unequivocally, that free elections were not possible in the Soviet zone of Germany as long as the terror system in that zone persisted, with People's Police and Secret Police, with concentration camps, and deportations, with a privileged political party and a ban on other parties. Grotewohl, in a speech to the east German parliament, soon replied and angrily repudiated the idea of free elections as demanded by the Bundestag. He termed such elections 'colonial'. He accused Dr. Adenauer of attempting to extend the American occupation to the eastern zone of Germany. The usual harangues about American aggressors and warmongers were very much in evidence.

All this must be judged in close connection with the planned four-power conference on Germany, with its particular emphasis on west German remilitarisation. The Soviets and their henchmen in the Soviet zone of Germany try to counteract the declared western policy of integrating Germany into the orbit of the west. Germany evacuated by all four occupying powers, Germany neutralised and demilitarised—that is the Soviet alternative to this

western policy. It goes without saying that such an evacuated and neutralised Germany would sooner or later fall into Soviet hands. All responsible politicians in western Germany are fully aware of that danger. They know that western Germany is unarmed, whereas the Soviet zone has the so-called People's Police, part of which is a regular army, at least 100,000 strong. They know that unarmed neutrality is an illusion for a nation in Germany's geographical position.

All the major political parties in western Germany have come out with strong statements against German neutrality. This includes the Social Democrat Opposition. Dr. Schumacher's campaign against Dr. Adenauer's Government is not limited to domestic policy. He opposes the Government's foreign policy as well. He does not approve of the Schuman Plan in its present form. He does not approve of any kind of German rearmament under present circumstances. But this does not mean that the Leader of the Opposition is in any way anti-western or that he champions a policy of playing the east against the west.

Dr. Schumacher and his followers are second to none in their anti-communism. What the Social Democrats want is a partnership with the west on equal terms. What they oppose is every particle of inequality wherever they see it.

So all the communist efforts, the numerous inscriptions on house fronts throughout western Germany, 'Go home, Tommy'—meaning the British—and 'Go home, Ami' meaning the Americans, have really no effect on German politics. But they have a certain effect on the German man in the street. The communist campaign for peace, unity and neutrality, coincides with the longings of many Germans. There is a considerable resentment against the western occupying powers, as is inevitable in any occupied country, and yet fear of the Russian armed forces is dominant. True confidence in western defence on the Elbe is still lacking. They do not want their country to become a battlefield, like Korea. Above all, they abhor civil war. So they cling to every conception which offers a certain hope of escape. German neutrality, to them, looks like the answer to their prayers. This has very little to do with political judgment, it has very much to do with political escapism. There is a strange alliance between those who play the Soviet game and others who are up-in-the-clouds idealists like Pastor Niemoeller, but the majority of neutralists are neither communists nor idealists, but simply undecided and frightened men and women. Their slogan 'ohne mich'—meaning 'without me' and in fact, 'without Germany'—indicates their attitude to the struggle between east and west.

Communism as a creed has no chance in western Germany; communism as a centre of false propaganda for peace and neutrality will continue to tempt many. It can be counteracted by responsible Germans who fight illusions with fact. But it is the almost unanimous opinion among these responsible Germans that some assistance is needed from other quarters. It is the experience of freedom which creates a love for freedom. Western Germany, even after the revision of the Occupation Statute, is still an occupied country. No sensible German could wish for a withdrawal of Allied troops from Germany, but do they have to remain as Occupation Forces? It is widely felt that their real purpose is to protect rather than to occupy Germany. The most efficient answer to terror in the eastern zone of Germany is liberty in the western zones.

—Home Service

## 'THE LISTENER'

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# Town and Country Planning in Yugoslavia

By ANTHONY CHITTY

IT has been my good fortune to visit Yugoslavia in springtime twice in twelve years. On each occasion I have been overwhelmed by the beauties of this country—the rugged seaboard of Dalmatia; the immensity of the rich plains of the Danube, the treasures of Byzantine art, the architecture of Bosnia and Macedonia, simple, massive, and touched by the orient. Today, there is the added interest of seeing the impact of a communist regime upon a people more scarred and buffeted than any other in Europe. But when I went there a few weeks ago it was as an architect, invited by their architects, and so I shall speak to you not of the beauties of Yugoslavia but of its town and country planning problems and of the results that have been achieved.

Any comparison between our own country and Yugoslavia is difficult by reason of the wholly different background—social, historical, political and physical—that exists in each. The difference is between (in our case) an island community, self-contained, united in language, government and national viewpoint, urban in habit and in outlook, intensely industrialised for two centuries, grossly overcrowded and with a most highly developed administration. And on the other hand, Yugoslavia, not one nation but a federation of seven republics, each with a different scene, economic structure, national outlook, ethnic origin, government and even language. Two of the seven republics have great industrial prospects, but their exploitation is only now beginning. One must remember that two generations ago while we were already moving into our industrial heyday, in Yugoslavia there was only one industry, and that was pig-breeding. Today 70 per cent. of the people still work upon the land, and although, under the present regime, there has been a remarkable reduction



Women on a co-operative farm in Srara Pazova



A new government building under construction in Belgrade

in illiteracy—from (I am told) 95 per cent. to 50 per cent.—the country still remains a largely peasant community. The two countries, England and Yugoslavia, roughly the same in area, support here 50,000,000, there only 16,000,000 inhabitants. You will see from this that the picture is one of contrast rather than comparison; with the contrast between the political systems of the two countries as a background influencing the methods and the results in either case.

In this country we face, it seems to me, a major crisis in the planning world. The Town and Country Planning Act of 1947, cumbersome and insufficiently considered in draft, has not brought us what we expected of it. A mechanism too large, unwieldy and too complex has been built. The whole process of town and country planning has become restrictive, insensitive and often wrong in its final decisions—instead of human, flexible and creative as it should be. Public and planners alike are caught in the toils. We are in danger of losing sight of the real problems of land use because of the day-to-day needs of the machine we have made. We can see neither the wood nor the trees.

Our technique and legislation for planning have been of seventy years' continuous growth since the Public Health Act of 1875; but in Yugoslavia theirs is scarcely more than five years old; it has practically no legislative background and has an almost dangerous flexibility in consequence. Starting suddenly from scratch in this way and exercised against a background of Balkan peasantry quite ignorant of the country's needs, planning technique holds certain dangers—such as the too easy acceptance of the planning solutions of other countries, which may be by no means applicable in the Balkans. In England some centuries of truly democratic local government, both at the parish pump and in the county borough, have made the people ripe for understanding and



judging what the planner puts before them. This is not the situation in Yugoslavia, where a few technicians checked only from above are about to exercise immense influence upon their land and their community.

But the most interesting thing about the Yugoslav machine is its smallness and flexibility. There is one planning office for each of the seven republics and, in addition, a municipal planning office in each of the half-dozen largest towns. Each of these offices numbers a technical staff of between ten and twenty, so that, in all, the effective planning staff for the whole of Yugoslavia is only a few hundred strong. These



Flats for shipbuilders at Split

men and women are doing the work for an area that in this country occupies some 4,000 officials assisted by perhaps another hundred architects and planners in private practice. In Yugoslavia these groups of architect-planners were all young and extremely keen, and it was clear that the scope of their work was less hampered by administrative machinery than would be the case in England. At the same time their work is obviously less mature than ours in detailed knowledge of social needs, in the assessment of industrial trends, and in scientific survey. All these are fields where time and continuity are needed for maturity.

Being the guest of the government, I was invited to informal discussions with the staffs of the regional planning offices in Serbia, Bosnia, Croatia and Slovenia, as well as with the municipalities. Each of these offices has in the past three years completed a survey and redevelopment plan very similar to our own for each of the towns in that area, and much of the material has already been approved and passed to the Architectural Design Office, who in turn have designed and built many of the principal buildings. In Zagreb, the capital city of Croatia, for instance, which with its new neighbour, Sisak, will be the prime industrial centre of the country, the new plan has been published and approved for some time past and sections of it are now building: a new railway station on a grand scale, important factories, schools and housing of all kinds, including an experimental 'prefab' estate. Zagreb is a town whose future development is moulded by the hills to the north and the sweep of the river Sava to the south, the prevailing wind and certain flood lands unsuitable for building. Many a planning authority would have left it at that—a plan in two dimensions on a map. But the planning team in Zagreb have carried their ideas well on into the third dimension, considering how the new town on the unpromising flat land should be accentuated at critical points by four high buildings, how the green spaces should relate to the river, how the old town on the hill with its cathedral spires would fall into composition with the new town and so on. A proper job of landscaping along with town development was in progress here, and I found it most impressive.

Speaking in wider terms of building results, the picture is the same. The results are extraordinary, not so much in quality as in quantity and variety. Since the war I have visited most of the European countries that suffered devastation, and, to an architect, the most striking difference between England and the rest (whatever the reasons for it) is the small amount of actual development, that is sheer building work, done here in five years compared with other countries. Whether this is due to our economic needs, to defects of government, of labour or to a

supine industry, is a matter of controversy. It is clear that in Yugoslavia no such brakes are being applied to building. Every kind of development is to be seen, great new factories (some of them very fine architecture), flats and housing schemes on a large scale, new schools and university buildings, offices, places of entertainment, railway stations, power plants, parks and a fine open-air theatre.

Perhaps most interesting of all are the groups of new farm buildings in Croatia. Here one man with two assistants had prepared full drawings for some forty collective farms. The farm buildings were in timber, stone and concrete, designed in the modern idiom but without cliché or affectation—work that would have done our architectural students good to see. Outside Zagreb lies Pionirskigrad, the children's village built by student labour and run by children; a charming educational experiment designed with considerable talent, and particular regard to landscaping. A similar children's week-end village is built on the hill outside Belgrade. Lastly, there is great expenditure on the buildings inseparable from communism: the temple of culture and recreation and the stadium. Belgrade has just finished a stadium to seat 60,000 and is about to build a second more than twice the size.

Two great factors help them with this problem of output. Except for steel, the raw materials of building are in good supply, bricks, stone, timber, lime, and cement. Building works have also the benefit of 'voluntary labour gangs'—though the word voluntary has quite a different meaning there. All the same, I found the quantity of building work astonishing; now what about the quality?

It was encouraging to find that the weight of these urgent undertakings had not prevented the architects from tackling in their own way those aesthetic problems which are so much upon our minds in England at the present time: the creation of a conscious harmony between the man-made and the natural scene; minute and sensitive attention to the detail of the urban landscape, to quality of wall and floor surfaces, their texture, colour

and relationship.

Yet I must say that these problems have not yet been solved by the Yugoslavs though their planning teams appeared more sensitive to the need for a three-dimensional approach to development than the average run of our county planning authorities in England. I was, for example, disappointed that the new buildings of Belgrade and Zagreb were rather harsh in their style and lacking in inventiveness in colour, texture and modelling, in spite of the wonderful variety of Dalmatian stones and marbles that are available. There were no signs of progress yet in this direction such as exist in Sweden and Switzerland and are even stirring here—except perhaps in Slovenia where the last strains of Austrian baroque still linger in the remarkable buildings of Plečnik, a grand old architect of eighty-six, trained under Wagner in Vienna, who still presides at Ljubljana. Again, though there are many fine sculptors since Meštrović, such as Kršinić, Bakić and Augustinčić, yet I saw no signs of sculpture used to embellish architecture or to embroider the surroundings of schools and other buildings as I had hoped. Another strange gap is the absence of modern wall paintings in a country so rich in the tradition of mural and mosaic.

Recently Lionel Brett spoke of the difficulties of aesthetic control and in particular of the bringing to heel, artistically speaking, of the big chain stores and important public utilities. It is interesting to note in passing that this problem does not exist in the Yugoslav pattern of life, for, all business being run by the state, the buildings of such concerns are designed by the same architects as do the schools, housing and other national works.

But something that delighted me greatly—and it is due to the flexibility of the small creative teams I mentioned—was the skill and loving care with which planning and aesthetic principles were being applied to the historic and architectural treasures of the Illyrian coast. At Rab, one of the most exquisite small cities of the world, in Diocletian's Split, at Kotor, Hvar, Dubrovnic, the greatest care is taken before any alteration is made, models of every building are prepared, the proposals are viewed on site at every stage, and even colour samples are tried on the walls before a decision is taken to demolish or to build anew. At Dubrovnic the removal of nineteenth-century accretion is being undertaken and the natural increase of the town is to be channelled into a series of village developments based upon existing hamlets, rather than a suburban encirclement of this wonderful walled town. In the eighteenth-century part of old Zagreb also, careful thought and sensitive

(continued on page 627)



# A Tribute to Ernest Bevin

By the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. C. R. ATTLEE

**T**HE sudden death of Ernest Bevin came as a great shock, for I had hoped that when he was relieved of the strain that a great department had imposed on him, his health would have improved, and his wise counsel and great experience would have been available to his country for some time to come. His death has brought a deep sense of loss to all who knew him, and to many millions both at home and abroad who did not know him personally, but who saw in him a great champion of freedom and democracy, a valiant fighter for peace and justice.

I think that all of you are familiar with the broad outline of Ernest Bevin's career. You know of his hard struggle in his early days to gain a livelihood and to educate himself, of his pioneer work in Bristol for his fellow-workers in transport. You will have read of his emergence as a great trade union leader and organiser, as a man who was called 'The Dockers' K.C.' because of his brilliant presentation of their case. For the last eleven years he had been a leading member in two Governments. During the war, as Minister of Labour and National Service, he organised the nation's man-power, and thought out the demobilisation plan that worked so smoothly. For over five years as Foreign Secretary, he has striven to bring peace and prosperity to a war-stricken world. I will not try this evening to give a detailed account of his career. My aim is to pay a tribute to a well-loved friend and colleague, to give you some appreciation of what he was, and what he stood for.

Ernest Bevin was first and foremost a great Englishman, forthright and courageous; an idealist, but an eminently practical one. He understood the people of this country which he loved, and I believe he interpreted the British idea with great fidelity. He was a great labour leader; he understood instinctively the reactions of the ordinary working man and woman. But his knowledge of poverty did not drive him into a sterile and bitter class-consciousness. He understood and could work with people of all classes. Few men have done so great a service for their fellow-workers. I recall that when Bevin began his trade union work, low pay, long hours and casual employment were features of the transport industry. Organisation was weak and conditions bad. It is largely due to Ernest Bevin that the status of the transport worker is so different today. He would have been the first to acknowledge the work of others: there was no doubt as to the magnitude of his contribution.

But his services to the workers extended beyond his own industry, and indeed beyond his own country. On the Trades Union Congress, at the International Labour Office, and at many international conferences he widened his experience. So when he came to the Foreign Office he brought with him all the knowledge and wisdom that this background of international problems had given him. He had travelled much on the Continent, in the Commonwealth, and in the United States. But his work in the trade union movement had also given him extensive contacts with the managerial side of industry. He had served on important bodies, such as the Macmillan Committee. He was fully conversant with the economic problems of this country, and with international trade and exchange. This background of economic knowledge was invaluable in dealing with the problems of foreign policy of the world today in which the political and economic factors are so closely interwoven.

I recall very vividly how when at short notice he came to Potsdam, he showed an immediate grasp of the problems. As Foreign Secretary

he had to deal with a Europe in ruins, as a result of the war. His courage and wisdom kept our prestige high in a world where our material power had been diminished by that war. He strove patiently and earnestly to try to preserve the war-time partnership with Soviet Russia, but could not prevail against their intransigence. His immediate response to Mr. Marshall's speech was a measure of his statesmanship. If he had not acted as he did, it is possible that American economic aid for Europe might never have materialised. His enthusiasm, his welcome for that speech, may well have saved western Europe from communism. The Russian rejection of Marshall Aid marked that country's definite refusal to agree to that co-operation Ernest Bevin had worked so hard to bring about.

It was largely due to his initiative that the Brussels Treaty and the Atlantic Treaty came into being. He rightly regarded the establishment of the Atlantic Treaty as one of his greatest achievements, and history will confirm that judgment. Yet another example of his initiative was the Colombo Conference, which really resulted from discussions on the problem of dealing with the under-developed regions of the world. Bevin always stressed the point that prevention of war was not enough. There must always be a positive policy of raising standards of living throughout the world so as to destroy the conditions in which Russian communism thrives.

Despite the heavy burden of foreign affairs, he took a very full share of Cabinet work, especially on economic matters, on which he worked very closely with Sir Stafford Cripps. Ernest Bevin always kept his colleagues fully informed on foreign affairs, for he regarded foreign and home policy as complementary. He came to

Parliament too late to become really a House of Commons man—not that he could not speak effectively in the House, but his real platform was a trade union or Labour Party conference; his speeches on these occasions were remarkably effective. Ernest Bevin was the soul of loyalty, and he had the power of invoking a loyal service. At the Ministry of Labour and the Foreign Office he enlisted the enthusiastic support of his officials. He, in his turn, was very solicitous for the comfort of those who worked for him. He had also the gift of giving scope and responsibility to his junior Ministers.

For the last five years, save when he was out of the country, I saw him almost daily. Whatever the subject of discussion, he was sure to make some fruitful suggestion, or to throw new light on a problem. He was, too, a delightful companion, with a vivid sense of humour, and a great store of good stories and reminiscences. He was filled with a burning desire to see the foundations of peace firmly established. During the last year, when he suffered from ill health, he fought against it. He was full of hope that the international atmosphere might improve. Despite acute pain, he forced himself to carry through an important conference. His physical courage was as great as his moral courage. I have lost in him a good and loyal comrade, and a very dear friend. I am sure that I am speaking for all in saying how deeply we sympathise with his wife and daughter in their great loss.—*Home Service*

Among tributes quoted by the B.B.C. was that by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, leader of the Opposition: 'I am deeply grieved at the death of my war-time comrade. A valiant spirit has passed from us. He has his place in history'. From Mr. Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State: 'A gallant gentleman, a great Englishman, a fighter for the freedom of all men'.



The Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin: 1881-1951



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on General MacArthur's dismissal

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

## Self Criticism

SELF advertisement is more usual than self criticism. But if we venture now to call the attention of our readers to the value of another of the publications of the B.B.C. we can defend ourselves for so doing on the ground that the publication concerned was described by the most impartial of authorities, the Beveridge Committee, as 'a channel both for self criticism and for outside criticism on a larger scale than that of letters in THE LISTENER'. The publication under reference is *The B.B.C. Quarterly* which was established after the war as a journal for those interested in the art and science of broadcasting and which with the Spring issue (published next Monday) enters upon its sixth volume and sixth year. Its contents were described in the Beveridge Report as consisting of 'serious, original and critical articles of a high standard on all aspects of broadcasting, including programme organisation and engineering matters, written both by members of the Corporation's staff and by informed outsiders, British and foreign'. It is because the Committee expressed the opinion that the *Quarterly* has a more limited circulation than it deserves that we are now offering a reminder of its existence.

The B.B.C., to coin a litotes, is not immune from criticism. Apart from the band of professional critics, who are always, commendably, in search of a new twist (frequently of the knife), every listener or viewer is a self-appointed and invariably vociferous critic of programmes. But at the same time no one who has not worked within a large organisation responsible for the output of entertainment, information, or enlightenment can realise how much criticism goes on inside it; in fact no such body worth its weight can fail to have nearly as many inquests as planning boards. And every official of such a body, one supposes, is Janus-faced, smiling bravely at the outer world, scratching his head over his office desk. It is only in a magazine like *The B.B.C. Quarterly* that the critics and self critics have the opportunity of sitting down at the table together.

In the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly* there are a number of examples of this kind of thought. For example, Mr. Lionel Hale whose experience of all sides of broadcasting is wide raises the question whether the extempore or 'unscripted' programme is not always better recorded. Mr. Stephen Spender wonders whether the real failure of radio poetic plays is that poets have not yet discovered what might be called 'the freedom of the air'. On the other side, Mrs. Naomi Capon, producer in the B.B.C.'s Television Children's Programme, discusses the responsibilities and difficulties of her work, while Dr. F. W. Alexander, of the Engineering Division, indicates the problems of standardising musical pitch. Broadcasting in fact raises an infinity of problems, aesthetic, technical and social, which are easily overlooked by those who think merely in terms of finished articles. Here is a chance for all who are interested to study them.

*The B.B.C. Quarterly* (Volume Six, Number One, price 2s. 6d.) also contains in addition to the articles mentioned above: 'Broadcasting and the Commonwealth' by H. V. Hodson, 'Breaking Down the Barriers' by Margery Fry, 'Property in Programmes' by Sir Arnold Plant, 'Teaching the World English' by R. J. Quinault, 'World Charts in Short-wave Engineering' by T. W. Bennington, and 'Swarf Removal for Direct Disk Recording' by H. G. Stoneham. *The B.B.C. Quarterly* can be obtained from the usual newsagents or direct from the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

THE DISMISSAL OF GENERAL MACARTHUR gave rise to voluminous comment from radio stations all over the world—with two interesting exceptions. The news of the dismissal was announced about 6 a.m. G.M.T. on April 11, but it was not until that night that the Soviet home public were informed of the fact, and then only in the form of a brief paragraph. The second exception was China and other communist radio stations in the Far East, which maintained an even longer complete silence on the subject.

A few hours before the announcement, a Moscow broadcast in English had quoted Ivor Montagu, the British communist member of the so-called World Peace Council, as saying that neither Mr. Truman nor Mr. Attlee dared to stop MacArthur; while a Russian Hour broadcast from Vienna radio declared that President Truman had decided to take no disciplinary action. On the day following the announcement, this same radio explained—as did numerous broadcasts from the satellite countries—that MacArthur's dismissal was a great victory for the 'peace' movement. It was added, however, that the threat of war remained, since America had a second iron in the fire—namely Eisenhower—and the U.S.A. would now redouble her efforts to make good her 'defeat' by new provocations, especially in Europe.

The main points made by communist commentators, apart from the one stressing the victory for the 'peace partisans', were that there was no difference in policy between Truman and MacArthur, and the General had merely been made a scapegoat for the 'failure' in Korea; alternatively, Truman's hand had been forced by Britain and France under pressure from the 'peace partisans' in those countries; that the appointments of Ridgway and Van Fleet—'two war criminals who are not one iota better than MacArthur'—showed that there had been no breach between Truman and MacArthur and that their joint warlike policy would continue; and that the 'peace partisans', aware that changes could be enforced, now knew it was in their power to achieve not merely the withdrawal of one general, but the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Korea.

A Polish broadcast made the point that MacArthur's dismissal revealed the existence of two schools of thought in the United States imperialist camp: both wanted war, but one thought it should start in Asia, and the other in Europe. The State Department had adopted General Eisenhower's view that the whole effort must be concentrated in Europe (western Germany), and so General MacArthur had had to go. A Hungarian broadcast pointed out that MacArthur's only sin had been to shout Washington's plans from the rooftops, thereby causing embarrassment in American ruling circles where 'peace is talked and murder planned'.

From China one paper was quoted on April 12 which hailed MacArthur's dismissal as a victory for the Chinese and Korean peoples, but concluded that the United States Government remained the slave of Wall Street and therefore its policy was fundamentally unchanged. Yugoslav reaction came in the form of a Zagreb broadcast, which stated:

It is not impossible that Truman's decision to replace MacArthur will constitute one of the steps towards ending the Korean war, for which all peace-loving men in the world have been striving for a long time.

The general reaction from the western world—apart from Republican comment in the U.S.A.—was one of relief, and numerous commentators praised President Truman for his courage in taking this step, which was generally described as a contribution to the maintenance of peace. In America itself, the extreme Republican press was quoted for some bitter comments, ranging from blaming the influence of Britain for Truman's decision to demanding that the President be impeached and convicted. On the other hand, the influential Republican paper, the *Wall Street Journal*, was quoted as warning Republicans against attaching themselves to MacArthur's kite without knowing where it was leading. Among important American newspapers which were quoted on the wireless as welcoming Truman's decision was the *Washington Post*, which commented:

There is no room in our society for indispensable men or for ungovernable Generals; no provision in our Constitution for the President to play second fiddle . . . The supersession of General MacArthur is the first sign in months of a firm hand at the helm of our affairs. Mr. Truman should never again relax his initiative.



# Did You Hear That?

## A PAKISTANI AT CAMBRIDGE

'THE SUN HAS BEEN SHOWING itself more regularly these days', said JAVID IQBAL in 'Cambridge Letter', broadcast in the Eastern Service. 'Its absence makes me shut myself up in my room and refuse "to grapple with the world outside". But its presence, on the other hand, even if intermittent, arouses in me a desire to hurl myself into some sort of "outdoor activity". Perhaps it was this urge which led me to one of the university lecture rooms the other week. I attended one of the lectures in a series on "Ibn Sina's (or Avicenna's) Contribution to the World's Metaphysical Thought". Such special lecture series are usually advertised on posters pinned up in the junior parlours of the various colleges, and tacked to the walls of the town tea-shops, restaurants, and barbers' shops. Some experience, supplied by the trial and error method, is necessary before you acquire a proper selective sense. This sense is very essential if you wish to waste your time profitably.

'The audience that usually gathers at these special lectures is a little peculiar—at least when compared to the ordinary attendance at standard lectures on psychic research, world peace and communism, surrealist art, and Chinese poetry. There is the inevitable element of "retired" people—particularly old ladies, who become more mystical as they grow older. I remember one old lady whom I met at a tea-party. When I mentioned that I came from Kashmir, she turned her eyes upwards and said with a sigh: "It's lovely, simply lovely—ideal for communion with God. Don't you agree?" "Yes, quite!" I replied. "But in many respects Switzerland is even more pleasant. At least the people there are better fed. Still I am sure that Kashmir has its own advantages, especially if mysticism could be commercialised". Our conversation ended prematurely.

'These lectures are always attended by a few dons, who wear a sort of disdainful expression on their faces—an expression apparently intended to make the lecturer feel that he is being honoured by their presence. But they all have their turn at doing this to one another. And you will always find young "knowledge seekers" at these lectures. A typical Cambridge "knowledge seeker"—a member of an esoteric intelligentsia—if he be a male, will be a less frequent patron of the local barbers than other students, and he will probably have a beard—carefully chosen from the designs now current and fashionable in Cambridge. It is astonishing to realise how varied are the reactions to the Beard—i.e., with a capital "B"—across the world. In America, I am told, a man wearing a beard is suspected of Bolshevism. At home, the beard serves as a short cut to respect, since a bearded man is usually a religious dogmatist and all such people must be feared and revered. But in Cambridge the beard is a trade-mark of intellectualism of a certain type, as perhaps the floppy bow tie is of another, or as plus-fours denote a certain "sportin' type". If the "knowledge seeker" be a female, she will use no make-up, except for bright scarlet lipstick and spectacles with heavy dark rims.

'The speaker made a stately entrance, with his black gown carefully disarranged. He removed his square cap, adjusted his spectacles, coughed, and began to read, discussing the Latin translation of Avicenna's *Kitab-us-Shafa*, throwing light on his theories of diseases. "If the hands are small, Avicenna holds, it denotes that the liver is small". (At this point I saw one of the old ladies take a quick look at her hands.) The lecturer went on to list the categories of pain which Avicenna had defined: choking pain, advancing pain, retreating pain, capitulating pain, hard pain, soft pain, and, perhaps, standing pain, sitting pain, present pain, past pain, future pain, and so on. Finally, he discussed Avicenna's theory of musical harmony, and its relationship to the human soul and the heavenly spheres.

'The speaker quoted a passage: "Now, when the Master (that is, Avicenna—the passage was from a biography of Avicenna written by one of his students) had finished his lecture on metaphysics or medicine, he bade the attendant to serve wine and to order the singers to come in. Once the singers sang such a note that Avicenna and the company started laughing. Suddenly they sang such a note that everyone started weeping. Finally they sang such a note that all fell asleep". The lecture was over. The speaker removed his spectacles, replaced his square cap, coughed, and unconcernedly made his exit. An exit characteristic, I suppose, of those who deliver such abstruse lectures—but an exit vastly unlike that of an M.P., who usually

strives, with all the charm at his command, to remain on friendly terms with his audience—even to the bitter end! And so do I'.

## WHERE LORD CURZON LIVED

PHILIP DONNELLAN recently visited Kedleston Hall. The Derbyshire acres in which it stands were awarded to Robert de Courçon, a Norman knight, for his services at the Conquest. 'The Curzons of Kedleston are still there', said Mr. Donnellan, speaking in the Midland Home



Kedleston Hall: the great north portico

'Country Life'

Service. 'If you come down into the valley across the park over the elegance of Robert Adam's charming three-arch bridge, there 600 yards away against the background of beech trees and grey sky is the great mass of the Hall built to rival Holkham, built of yellow and grey Derbyshire sandstone by Robert Adam in 1761.

'Pairs of Canadian geese honked and argued across in front of me and settled with a mighty flurry on the lake. Walking up the gravel drive, with the pillars and portico and dome and a great sweep of flanking wings getting bigger and bigger, I felt that not to arrive in at least post-chaise and four (as Johnson did with Boswell) was about as irreverent as riding up the centre aisle of St. Paul's on a penny farthing. For it is formidable, overwhelming; it not only commands your attention (you are bound to give that) but your respect, even if you do not like domes and columns and statues; and Adams' design, even though he got away from the full heaviness of Palladio, is still a rather portentous intrusion on your peace of mind. Remember, even Sam Johnson was awe-inspired: he came back of course—no one was going to overcome the Doctor. "Sir", he said (about the marble hall), "it would do excellently well for a Town Hall".

'Nearly two hours' walking about the house with Lord Scarsdale left me with so much to tell that all I can really speak of are the impressions—of the Poussin and the Lelys and Van Dyck; the Italian paintings in the music-room and the drawing-room; the superb grey misty loveliness of a Waterford chandelier; a set of chessmen from India—a present to Lady Scarsdale in 1815—exquisitely carved



Mahratta and English soldiers with camels and elephants. He showed me the voluptuous gilt carving of the Adam sofas with their dolphin legs and faded blue silk covering and two vast—yes, vast is really the word—William Kent mirrors from the older house which hang on the south wall in the music-room and reflect the harpsichord and the hand-organ by Robert Adam. Since my visit I try not to think, as I open my bedroom door, of the three thick inches of carved mahogany with joinery so perfect that you cannot get a knife-blade between door and jamb, or the loving care which had carved the eight-foot posts of cedar for a bed, scooped into roots at the foot, branching into leaves above, gilt and russet in its own colour.

In Diocletian's room, where we had tea, there was the charming conceit of a frieze picked out in red, though Adam's original drawings for the room show it painted blue. Much of the furniture was built, as it were, *into* the house, and lots of the original bills are still there. A superb broken-pediment bookcase by the builder, deeply carved on the cornice and round the waist, enough to raise even the most jaded eyebrow in the sale room (God forbid that it should ever go there), cost £64 10s. in 1760.

I must speak very briefly of the Norman church (relict of the village, moved in 1760) where the Curzons lie peacefully in their family vault in the loveliest chapel I think I have ever seen. It is Edwardian which, most unfairly, made me think twice before I really saw how lovely it was, but the deep green of the flooring stone, the exquisite tracery of the wrought-iron screen and the white sculpture of the figures will ensure that I never sneer again at too-explicit decoration. At the west end there are the last remains of the Norman church—a magnificent doorway fringed with stone dogs' masks and with a partly-completed hunting scene over it carved with tremendous Norman vigour: that and the alabaster figure in full armour of Sir John, complete with collar of "S's" and the Curzon popinjay on his tilting helm—a long-faced grave man who has gazed thankfully at the roof for nearly 500 years now, with his wife who lies beside him. All these, with the house, mean a continuity of life all too rare anywhere in this country, for Kedleston is less an estate than a belief in something.

### AN EGYPTIAN DREAM BOOK

A manuscript called 'The Egyptian Book of Dreams', acquired and restored by the British Museum, is now on view to the public. PETER DONNE spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'. 'The ancient author', he said, 'wrote among other things that if a man sees himself in a dream wearing white sandals, that is bad; it means he will roam the earth. Like most of the other contents of this book, that theory is highly imaginative. But the book itself—written more than 3,000 years ago—is hard fact, and is in the British Museum today for all of us to see.

It was a roll of papyrus sheets, two of which are spread out flat between glass. They are cracked and tattered and worn and torn; the papyrus is cross-grained and the coarse fibre of it can be clearly seen. In colour it is a yellowish brown, and against this background the black ink stands out as boldly as when it was first put there earlier than 1250 B.C. Some 200 dreams and their interpretations are set out in a neat and flowing priestly hand. They are arranged in tidy columns, four to a page and each page about four inches wide. In the first column, you read vertically the large symbols for the words: "If a man sees himself in a dream", and then, against this column, run the horizontal lines—first the dream, then a single sign, meaning good, that is a cross above a circle, or bad, which is in red and looks rather like a two-barred gate with the top bar broken in the middle; and then the interpretation. For example, if a man sees himself in a dream carving up a female hippopotamus, that is good; it means a large meal from the Royal Palace. If he sees himself looking at his face in a mirror, that is bad; he will take another wife. If a man sees himself being made into an official, that is bad; death is close at hand. And lastly, to prove that human nature has not changed so very much through the centuries: if a man sees himself sitting in an orchard in the sun, that is good; it means pleasure.

From the back of these sheets we learn that the book later came into the possession of another scribe by the name of Kenhikhopshet, who either wrote very badly or was in a great hurry when he did write. His script flows angularly in great, bold, black strokes and is very difficult to read. He copied out here a letter he had written to a vizier of the reigning Pharaoh about the work in which he was engaged—the construction of Pharaoh's tomb. And it appears from this letter that even then they had supply difficulties. "May my Lord", he writes, "supply chisels and baskets . . . may he write to the two deputy officers

of the works to cause them to supply us with gypsum, and may he write to the scribes to cause them to give us our rations, for we do not see them". And then last of all, this Book of Dreams came into the possession of yet a third scribe, who hastened to claim it as his own by inscribing his name—Amennakhte—at the bottom of the back page. Perhaps this may be the earliest example known of a borrowed book that was never returned.

### THE ANEMONE INDUSTRY

This is the busiest time of the year down on the anemone farms of Cornwall and Devon and the Scilly Isles, where millions of anemones are being picked and despatched to flower markets all over Britain. ARTHUR HELLYER spoke about this industry in 'The Eye-witness'.



Poppy anemones

'Amateur Gardening'

years ago, a few growers in Cornwall decided that the climate was just right for growing anemones, and they also decided to compete against the Mediterranean growers. Experts were sent to the Riviera to get seeds and tubers, and in the early 'thirties the first few acres of anemones were planted out, the forerunners of the brilliant display of today.

In 1946 the Government gave our anemone growers their real chance. The importation of French anemones was banned, and by the end of the war the Cornish growers were so well established that we were growing in Britain all we could sell. The anemone is the flower of the small grower—you do not see hundreds of acres of anemones as you do of tulips—in fact, the average anemone farm is not often much more than an acre. But it packs more colour into that acre than almost any other flower could: a kaleidoscope of crimson, scarlet, purple and pink. The flower itself has improved greatly since the old days of anemone growing. The wild variety is a smaller flower than the one we know, and without the range of colour or form. But by selective breeding, that is to say by using flowers with good points, growers have succeeded in producing plants with brilliant colours, large full blooms and long stems. They have aimed at brilliant reds and pinks, with mauves and purples to set off the brighter colours.

Anemones are easy enough to grow, given suitable soil and climate, and if you are a flower grower they can be a profitable investment. In fact I was told in Covent Garden only a day or two ago that anemones are the backbone of the cut-flower trade. The reason is that they flower for nine months of the year—from December right through the winter, spring and summer, to September; you do not have to grow them in greenhouses, with the result that they are cheap to grow; they travel well and they can be packed tightly. And if you cannot afford the more expensive flowers, such as carnations and roses, there is always the anemone at 6d. or 1s. a bunch. Finally, the anemone lasts exceedingly well as a cut flower; if you look after them properly and if they are fresh, they will last for anything up to a fortnight, possibly longer.



# Mind and Matter—I. The Nervous System

By W. RUSSELL BRAIN

**T**HE problem of mind and matter has been discussed for over 2,000 years and you may well wonder what there is new to be said upon this topic, but I accepted the invitation to speak about it because it seems to me timely to look at the question again in the light of two developments of thought during the last twenty-five years. The first is the great increase in our knowledge of neurophysiology and especially of the electrophysiology of the nervous system. The second is the contribution of those philosophers who are particularly concerned with semantics. They may often go too far in supposing that problems are purely verbal, but they have rendered a great service by directing our attention to the large part which verbal confusions play in creating difficulties, and have thereby clarified our thought. That they have not achieved more is, I think, due to the fact that, with the notable exceptions of Eddington, Whitehead and Russell, no modern philosopher seems aware of the importance of the part played by the body in perception and thought, and current philosophies of perception either dispose of such questions as merely verbal or are satisfied with very naive armchair solutions.

## A Difficult Subject

Before I go further let me add two words of explanation. This is at best a difficult subject and if we are to understand even how the difficulties arise we must depart somewhat from the time-worn paths of approach. You must be patient, therefore, if some of the earlier part of these talks seems to have little relevance to the main problem: its significance should appear later. Secondly, in a broad survey such as I am now attempting, there will not be time to discuss every point in detail, to deal with the history of the subject or to counter opposing arguments. To some extent I can only present conclusions, but I hope to be able to make clear to you how they have been reached.

Let us begin by considering the use of the words 'mind' and 'matter'. Evidently people think that they mean something when they use these words, and they do not think that they are in the habit of using them for the same events. Going no deeper than the verbal level, if the distinction between the words 'mind' and 'matter' means anything we should try to understand what it means, and if it does not mean anything we should be clear about that also.

Philosophers and other thinking people who have assumed that there is some distinction between mind and matter have been chiefly concerned with two different questions: (1) What is the relationship between those events we call mental and the collection of matter which we call our brains? (2) Are the things which we perceive with our senses wholly material or, as some have thought, wholly mental, or partly one and partly the other? As we shall see, these questions are intimately related to one another. People sometimes put it in this way: 'Is matter *really* mental?' or 'Is the mind *really* a manifestation of the matter of which the brain is composed?' Evidently there is something which they mean by matter which, at first sight at any rate, is different from mind, and conversely—whatever these two terms may turn out to represent when we get to know more about them.

Let us, without attempting to define matter, look at some instances of the use of the term. If we ask someone to give us examples of matter he might say that it consists of solids, liquids and gases, or that it exists in the form of tables and chairs, muscles and bones, nerves and brains. If we then say: 'What do you mean by the mind, or what would you regard as mental?' he might find it more difficult to reply. Thought would certainly seem to be mental, for thinking is perhaps the most characteristic function of the mind, as we use the term. Feeling and willing? Yes, those would probably also be regarded as mental. But what about sensation? Is there something mental about colours, touches and sounds? Here we should begin to get into a difficulty; in fact we should find ourselves at once involved in the ancient controversy between the idealist and the realist. On the one hand, if we regard sensations as a state of consciousness and assume that the mind is somehow involved in consciousness, we can make out a case for treating them as mental, but on the other hand the colour

of the table certainly seems to be in some way part of the table, though the sound of a bell is not in quite the same way part of the bell, and a touch on my hand appears to come into yet another category, because it is not exactly part of the object touching me nor can it be described as part of my hand.

Instead of talking about isolated sensations, let us think of a solid object which I hold in my hand. I perceive that object through touches and pressures, and feelings of heat or cold, together with information derived from the posture of my fingers and the extent to which they are separated by the object from the palm of my hand. Are all these sensations mental or are they part of the object? If I feel that a stone in my hand is cold, I do so only because it causes a fall of temperature in my skin which makes my fingers colder than they were and excites certain nerve endings. Yet I usually speak of the stone and not of my hand as being cold, though I can remember a small child putting his hand in the river and saying: 'I am going to feel my hand in the water'.

Let us leave this question on one side for the moment and turn now to what we call the world of matter. How do we know about the tables and chairs, about other people's bodies and brains and, for that matter, about our own bodies and brains? Let us see what happens when somebody else, whom we will call the observer, sees a colour or hears a sound. The physical stimulus, as we call it, excites the appropriate receptor organ, in this case the eye or ear, and this in turn starts an electrical impulse in the corresponding nerve running to the brain. These nerve-impulses differ somewhat in minor details, including the rate at which they are conducted towards the central nervous system, but they are substantially alike, and no neurophysiologist believes that differences in the nature of the impulses conducted by the ingoing nerves correspond to differences in the kind of sensation which they lead us to experience. Thus, merely from recording the electrical disturbances which accompany the passage of a nerve-impulse and observing their characteristics, it is impossible to say whether the sensations with which they are concerned is one of sight, hearing, sound, taste or touch, and, indeed, it is not until such nerve impulses reach what may be called their end-stations in the brain that we experience a sensation at all. It would seem, therefore, that what determines our awareness of a sensation, and also its nature, is the arrival of a nerve-impulse, or more probably a series of nerve-impulses, at the appropriate end-station in the brain.

## Sensations and Stimulus

We have other evidence in support of this view, for clinical neurology teaches us that we can experience a sensation without any sensory organ being excited, and without any impulse travelling up an ingoing nerve. All that is necessary is that the appropriate area of brain should be excited in some other way. Thus, we know that if one of the end-stations of the brain normally concerned with sensation is stimulated by the electrical discharge which underlies an epileptic fit, or by the disturbance which constitutes an attack of migraine, the patient will experience a sensation corresponding in quality to the area of brain excited, and we know further that a very wide range of sensations, including sight, smell, sound, taste, touch and others, can all be reproduced by exciting the appropriate area of the brain surface, some of them even by the surgeon using an electrical stimulus on the conscious patient. It is true that the sensations produced in this way are usually of a somewhat crude kind, but then the stimulus is of a crude kind, and, when once the principle has been accepted that the application to the brain of a stimulus which is capable of evoking a response will produce a sensation, there is no reason to doubt that if we were able to deliver a more refined and complicated stimulus, complicated in its organisation both in space and time, we could reproduce more complex kinds of sensation.

What follows from this? We have seen that a physical stimulus excites a sensory receiving-organ, and this a nerve-impulse, which is in no way like the original physical stimulus, and that this in turn sets



going a disturbance in the end-station in the brain which is probably in certain respects unlike the nerve-impulse, and certainly is quite unlike the original physical stimulus, and it is upon this disturbance in the brain that sensation depends. Hence the brain state which constitutes the physical basis of a sensation is always quite unlike the physical stimulus which impinges upon the body and which has been in one way or another directly set in motion by the external object which we experience. Thus, the relationship between the brain state which underlies the sensation and the physical object of which that sensation makes us aware is merely that the brain state is the last of a series of events caused by the physical stimulus. Whatever the relationship between the brain state underlying a sensation and the corresponding awareness of the sensation in consciousness it would seem to follow that the sensation must be quite unlike the physical stimulus originating in the outside world and exciting the sense-organs.

It follows also that the experience of a given sensation must always be later in time than the physical event which initiates it. Indeed, it must be later in time than the excitation of the receptors on the surface of the body by that physical event, since the nerve-impulse takes time to travel from the surface of the body to the brain. How much later in time it is than the physical event will depend obviously upon the distance of the object concerned from the body and the rate of propagation of the physical stimulus through the intervening medium. The speed of light is so great that only a fraction of a second passes between the time when a light wave is reflected from any object on the earth and the time when it strikes the eye of the observer. This interval is so short that for all practical purposes it can be neglected, and we normally pay no attention to it. We behave as though we see something happening at the very moment at which it happens. We cannot do this, however, in the sphere of astronomy, where years may pass between the moment at which a light wave leaves a star and that at which the eye perceives it. If it takes several years for the light from a star at which I am now looking to reach my eye, the star can no longer be in the position at which I see it, and, indeed, if it had ceased to exist in the interval between the present moment and that at which the light wave left it I should have no means of discovering the fact. Owing to the relatively slow speed of sound compared with that of light this anomaly may become obvious even on the surface of the earth when sound is concerned. The sound of a jet-plane comes from a different point in the sky from that at which we see the aeroplane.

So we reach the idea that the only necessary condition of the observer's seeing colours, hearing sounds and experiencing his own body is that the appropriate physiological events shall take place in the appropriate areas of his brain. If these are of the right kind the same

sensory experience will occur irrespective of whether they are caused solely by a local change in the brain or by a long chain of events originating in the external world. But if we ask the observer where the events he is experiencing are, where he sees the colours, hears the sounds or feels part of his body, he does not point to his brain, he points to or describes some region of the external world or some part of his body itself external to his brain, and he does the same whether his sensations are produced normally—by events external to his brain, or abnormally—by disease processes occurring in the brain itself.

Here, then, is a problem. An event in the observer's brain causes him to experience something—e.g. see a colour outside his brain. This is what neurologists and psychologists often call 'projection', but this is not a very good name for it, for projection seems to imply throwing something from one place to another, but the colour the observer sees is never anywhere else but where he sees it. He is not aware of any process that could rightly be called projection. The idea that sensations are in this way, as it were, manufactured by the brain and somehow or other manage to get outside it into the external world is known as 'physiological idealism'.

Now let us look at the external world as the observer perceives it. It is hard or soft, coloured, scented, tasty, and composed of objects which have position and may move about. As we have seen, the time-relationships of the observer's external world are peculiar. If an event in it causes a sound, he hears it, not when the event occurs, but when the sound, as we say, reaches his ear, or, more precisely, a little later, when the nerve impulse from his ear has travelled as far as the part of his brain surface concerned with hearing. Similarly, he sees an object, not when the light wave leaves it, but when the visual nerve-impulse has reached his brain, and in the astronomical world this may be a 1,000 years after the event which originates the light wave.

Consider two stars, one 500 and one 1,000 light years away: the observer sees them both at the same time, but the events he perceives on the stars—i.e. the emission of light waves—happened 500 years apart. So events which the observer perceives simultaneously are not necessarily simultaneous. In fact the observer's perceptual view consists of events which stretch away into the past in proportion as they are distant from him in space, but which are on one time-scale for vision and another for hearing, in proportion to the differences between the speeds of sound and of light.

What about the body? Surely we have a direct and immediate awareness of that? No, the same principle applies. All the observer's perception of his own body is awareness of its immediate past, for he is not aware of the prick of a pin until after the interval of time necessary for a nerve-impulse to travel to his brain from the part of the body which has been pricked.—*Third Programme*

## The Ionian Cities Revisited

By SETON LLOYD

FOR an Englishman in the days of the Ottoman Empire a visit to the antiquities of Asia Minor was an adventure not to be undertaken without elaborate preparations. Even more recently in the early days of the Kemalist Republic things were much the same. He would have found the Turks understandably preoccupied with their own political development, and hardly in a mood to welcome visiting foreigners. This being so, for a whole generation of travellers in the Mediterranean, Greece has come to mean Athens, the Peloponnese and to a less extent the Aegean Islands. Meanwhile, the ruins of great cities like Ephesus, Pergamum and Miletus, have remained just sufficiently out of reach to be correspondingly out of mind. They have become names, associated more with the journeys of St. Paul than with the birth of Greek civilisation.

Yet it was here in this nameless constellation of city states on the mainland east of the Aegean, even in the days before Athens had become famous, that for the first and almost the last time in history all the major problems of human society seem to have been simultaneously solved. For a time group-life on a national scale became possible, with a full complement of those freedoms to which we in our time aspire with such limited success. To quote Dr. Keith Monsarrat,

'Not only was there peace between city and city, but the men of the cities seem to have given peace to each other. They found leisure to concern themselves with the adornment of their own way of living, and in the course of this they found harmonies of relation as no men had ever done before'. It is strange in these circumstances, to realise that there was no sense of unity among the states themselves. Throughout the coastal provinces of Asia Minor, from Cilicia to the Plain of Troy, every river valley and sheltered upland seems to have been a miniature state, contributing to the economy of a single large city. And each state had a strong individual character.

It is perhaps this very sense of separateness and individuality which makes it possible today to visit a score of these cities in succession without any feeling of monotony. In doing so, one at once sees how the physical character of the country itself has contributed to their isolation and confinement. The miniature estuaries and protected harbours of the Aegean coast must have offered a welcome sanctuary to the first settlers from overseas. But they are separated from each other by rocky promontories, which prolong themselves landward into mountain ranges; and the inhabitants of each valley were thus effectively segregated. Within these narrow borders the eyes of each community were turned



towards a particular city, and though even their identity is now sometimes in doubt, the cities remain. Stripped of their ornaments, tumbled by earthquakes, and pillaged to meet the needs of a meaner generation, their ruins survive as an intelligible memorial to the character of their builders.

To anyone who has not visited the eastern Mediterranean, it is difficult to describe the almost incomparable beauty of the setting in which these ruins usually find themselves. For one is considering, not merely a type of landscape, but a climate and a mood. Sir William Ramsay, the great travelling scholar, used the phrase 'sense of life and vigour' to describe the elation which he always experienced in 'this world of rocky capes and sheltered fjords with its prospect of sparkling sea and background of snow-mountains'. Then there are the ruins. Disembarking from a sailing boat, or dismounting from a horse at a turn in some mountain path, one catches a glimpse of a profusion of fallen architectural shapes among the flowering shrubs; and the immediate impression is a feeling of diffidence, as though one were a guest arriving in a strange house. But later this feeling disappears and one gets gradually to be familiar with the pattern to which a Greek city normally conforms. Some prominent hill usually has the function of an acropolis, and, grouped near its foot, are a theatre, agora, stadium, gymnasium and various temples. Add to these some later buildings, such as a Roman bath, Byzantine churches, a Seljuk, or Ottoman



Some of the seats in the amphitheatre at Priene

mosque, and you have the characteristic elements of a hundred ancient cities in western Asia Minor.

Out of the dozen or so which I visited during the course of last summer, I should be inclined to give Ephesus first mention. For one thing, it provides a perfect example of the curious relationship between these cities and the rivers near whose mouths they were almost invariably built. The earliest settlers seem to have been unconscious of the fact that such rivers were still forming their deltas, and that consequently the sites which they had chosen were bound sooner or later to be engulfed in the rising tide of alluvial mud. Nor had they any means of knowing that the sea would recede beyond their reach, leaving their harbours inaccessible to shipping. Yet this was precisely what happened at Ephesus.

The first party of Greek colonists to arrive selected a spot conveniently near the mouth of the Cayster river, where there was a small hill to serve as an acropolis. A settlement grew up around the foot of the hill; and here, in the sixth century B.C., a modest temple was dedicated to the Asiatic cult of the Goddess Artemis. A century later, Ephesus had become a vast metropolis, and the fame and splendour of its Artemisium were spoken of all over the Mediterranean world. Then, according to Plutarch, one night in the year 356 B.C. an eccentric individual set fire to it and



The Roman theatre at Miletus

the whole building was destroyed. The Ephesians were afterwards able to excuse the goddess for having allowed this to happen on the grounds that she was absent in Thrace, attending to the birth of Alexander the Great, which took place on that very day. Within fifty years they had rebuilt it on such a colossal scale that it ranked as one of the seven wonders of the world. But meanwhile, almost unobserved, an even worse disaster was overtaking the city. The sea, which had been gradually receding, was now separated from it by several miles of mud-flats, and Ephesus was no longer a port. From this situation it was rescued by Lysimachus, one of Alexander's generals, who built a completely new town and connected its harbour by a canal to the sea. From now onwards, the silt continued to accumulate over the ruins of the older city until no signs of it remained, and even the temple of Diana was eventually completely buried. In the last century even its whereabouts were not known. Then it was dramatically rediscovered by the British railway-engineer, J. T. Wood. Wood had been patiently trenching for nearly six years, when his workmen encountered the first sculptured column-drums at a depth of twenty feet beneath the modern surface of the ground. He cleared the site, after further tremendous labour, and some of the best pieces were brought to the British Museum; but the general poverty of the remains must have seemed poor compensation for what one can only describe as an archaeological act of faith. Today, his work has left only a deep depression, full of reeds and stagnant water, and it was here that H. V. Morton fancied he



The reconstructed Altar of Zeus at Pergamum



recognised, in the croaking of the frogs, an echo of the cry—'Great is Diana of the Ephesians'.

But now even Lysimachus' Hellenistic city is no longer in sight of the sea. Yet it at least had the advantage of being situated on high ground, beyond the reach of the river; and, having been fairly completely excavated earlier in the present century, its remains are extremely beautiful. There is a central hill, around whose foot runs a famous street, the Via Sacra of Roman times, and this has been newly cleared of debris by the Turkish authorities. As a result, it is possible to make the complete circuit of the city by car; only you must avoid the deep channels worn in the marble pavement by Roman chariots. As you go, familiar buildings emerge from the extravagance of foliage on either side, each one in the slightly theatrical setting of a Piranesi engraving. You see the entire portico of a temple fallen forward across the stairway by which it was approached, and the result looks like an arrested cascade of sculptured stonework. Here and there the shadow of a living acanthus falls curiously on the fragments of a Corinthian capital, or the fluting of a column is fancifully enriched with long fingers of wild ivy. Then come the high tiers of marble seats in the great theatre, mounting up towards the sky, where the Ephesians protested at St. Paul's teaching—and half forgotten, in a grove of fig-trees, are the ruins of a famous basilican church. For this is the city to which St. John brought the Blessed Virgin after the Crucifixion; and here she lived, perhaps in the little house on Mount Coressus, whose ruins were found by the Catholics of Smyrna, following the visions of St. Catherine Emmerich. They are even said to have found a fragment of plaster still clinging to the wall on which her name, Miriam, was scratched in Hebrew characters.

#### 'Greatest Emporium of Asia Minor'

The harbour at Ephesus is now a picturesque swamp, fringed with yellow irises in summer time, and haunted by wildfowl. From here, in classical times, it was hardly a day's sail to Elea which was the commercial port of Pergamum. Pergamum itself is a long way inland, and occupies the centre of another natural province, almost completely surrounded by high mountains. It was already a city in the time of Xenophon, but its great period of prosperity came when the local Prince, Attalus, resurrected it from the ruins of Alexander's empire. Under his successors, it became the greatest emporium of Asia Minor, rivalling even Ptolemaic Alexandria in its power and magnificence. When the last Attalid ruler died, he bequeathed the state as a going concern to the Roman Empire.

The quantity of literature which has accumulated around the history and antiquities of Pergamum is enormous. In fact, I noticed that a recent work on the Attalids was furnished with a fifteen-page bibliography. Yet even from small episodes mentioned by Latin writers one gets some impression of the scale on which these princes lived. Plutarch, for instance, records how Mark Antony was able to remove 200,000 volumes from the Attalid Library, and send them as a present to the Queen of Egypt. As for the physical appearance of the city itself, it has come, quite rightly, to be considered one of the most spectacular achievements of the Greek imagination. The most fanciful modern craftsman, if called upon to produce a phantasy on a classical theme, could hardly improve on the reality of what was accomplished on the acropolis at Pergamum. The nucleus of great buildings, which provided the focus of the city's life, were flung up on the summit of an isolated rock, rising 1,000 feet above the plain. There they were disposed on a series of terraces and rocky platforms, to form a carefully studied composition. The effect from below, whether one caught sight of them rising above the morning mist or reflecting the light of the setting sun, must have been quite unforgettable. The position of the theatre was characteristic. Its curves fitted comfortably into a hollow between two shoulders of rock on the edge of an almost vertical precipice; so that its 20,000 spectators could look beyond the stage over a wide landscape towards the distant sea.

Near the theatre was the Altar of Zeus, perhaps the best known of all the antiquities of Pergamum. Its discovery was again due to the enterprise of a European engineer. Within a few months of Mr. Woods' great find at Ephesus, a young German, called Humann, engaged in building a road near Pergamum, was told that a great quantity of loose stone was available among 'ruined buildings' on the hill-top behind the city. The men whom he sent to investigate came back with stories of a colossal fragment of sculpture, which they had found projecting from between the fallen blocks. Later, working on instructions from home, Humann was able to salvage many more pieces of the same sort, and

when they eventually reached the Berlin Museum, it became possible to reconstruct the gigantic altar, standing on a marble plinth which also supported a double colonnade on three sides. The original altar was approached by a fine stairway, nearly twenty metres wide, and in the centre, a column of smoke must have risen continually from a high pyramid of accumulated ashes.

For a perfect contrast to the exuberance and ostentation of Pergamum, it is easy to turn to the little city of Priene, which faces Miletus across the wide valley of the Meander. Here again, the original Greek settlement was overwhelmed and buried by the river, and in Hellenistic times a new city was built on a projecting shoulder of the hillside above. Priene was a modest little community; probably numbering not more than 4,000 or 5,000 people. Yet, within its enclosing walls, the excavations have revealed a perfect civic lay-out, with all the attributes of a conventional Greek *polis* represented in miniature. Furthermore the whole thing is arranged with a kind of fastidious elegance, of which no Roman architect would have been capable. Almost the whole area of the city has been excavated, and here, for some reason, the buildings are hardly obscured by the usual growth of vegetation. Scoured by the wind and rain of passing seasons, they remain clean and empty as the excavators left them. Only in the private houses you see the pavement of a hall or a flagged atrium, decorated with rock-plants and small flowers, like the foreground of a pre-Raphaelite picture. Also, in the little theatre, when I was there, the ground within the circle of the orchestra was evenly carpeted with scarlet ranunculus, and tall asphodels grew behind the six marble fauteuil which rise above the first tier of benches.

The valley between Priene and Miletus was once a long arm of the sea. It is now a treeless plain, covered in early summer with cotton fields and standing corn. The present course of the Meander encircles the promontory on which Miletus was built. In flood time, its waters cover the excavated area, leaving the ruins of Miletus enveloped in a mantle of brown mud; so that the whole site has a depressing atmosphere of decay. One is almost grateful to the German archaeologists for having removed the magnificent facade of the agora, to what at the time must have seemed a safer place, in the Berlin Museum. Almost the only building at Miletus which has avoided the floods is the colossal Roman theatre. Contrary to normal practice, it scorns the support of a convenient hill, and stands straight up, in an isolated position, on an almost level site. Nevertheless, its gigantic scale is apt to escape one, until one notices that in later times one corner of the auditorium has provided a foundation for a good-sized Byzantine castle.

During the early years when the art and philosophy of Greece were evolving in Ionia, the citizens of Miletus became the acknowledged pioneers of contemporary thought. Its destruction by the Persians, at the beginning of the fifth century, sent a wave of horror over the whole Greek world. A year later, when Phrynicus brought on his play 'The Taking of Miletus', Herodotus tells how 'The theatre fell into tears. And they mulcted him of a thousand drachmae, because he had put them in mind of their troubles. And they commanded that none should use that spectacle again'.—*Third Programme*

## Stormy Spring

March has flooded the fields,  
Spring comes in a gale.  
Ploughland and bare hedges  
Are bullied, and the pale  
Gold willow-wands  
Toss by the beaten ponds.

And now I am tormented  
By such sense of loss  
As this love can give:  
And the wind drops, and across  
The russet lands,  
Sad spring a moment stands.

Haunting sweetness yet  
Compels that lack of breath.  
Osiers and hazels  
And alders flush in death,  
And a bird cries  
To open the dull skies.

F. T. PRINCE



# The Use and Abuse of Photography

By TOM HOPKINSON

**A**N increasing number of books today are either made up of photographs or depend on photographs for much of their interest. Expert knowledge and considerable thought are spent on reviewing the written part of the book, while the photographs are dismissed in a phrase as being 'wonderful'. They are usually nothing of the sort; and if in a rare case they are 'wonderful', they deserve more attention than an adjective.

What has happened to photography, in a sentence, is that the mechanical possibilities of the craft have vastly outrun the understanding and intelligence applied to it. As a result, photography is still being judged on the basis of what it could do when it started, instead of on the basis of what it can quite easily achieve today. The camera began, more than a hundred years ago, as a machine for taking likenesses and recording the appearances of things or people. It operated by time in space. With early lenses it was only possible to cover a narrow field in width, and a very small range in depth. And with early negatives and plates exposures up to several minutes were required. Obviously in these circumstances the camera had to seek subjects that were stationary and well lit.

It is interesting that these limitations were actually responsible for the most distinguished early photographic work. The brilliant scenes and characters of the 'London Streets', taken in the 'seventies by Thomson, owe much to the shallow focus of their lens. As a result the figures stand out sharply as if from a background of city dust and fog. And one has, further, the impression that the mush-faker, the ha'penny ice-cream seller or the street-doctor have, as it were, been summoned forth by the photographer out of the mists of time (a mush-faker, by the way, was a street vendor and repairer of umbrellas).

Again, the hundreds of truly impressive portraits recorded in Edinburgh by David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson as far back as the 'forties actually gained from the fact that the exposures lasted for minutes. This forced the photographers to plan their pictures broadly in bold masses of light and shade. As a result, their pictures have a largeness (and their models a dignity) far surpassing what is to be found in any portrait photography being done today, with all the advantages of modern equipment and lighting. The fashionable portrait photographer of the moment is Karsh of Ottawa, whose work one can see freely in the Sunday papers and in shiny magazines. He has photographed most of the best-known political and social figures of our day. Karsh's technique is to light the whole picture brilliantly and emphasise everything. He studies the characters of his models, and he chooses poses that bring out the salient features of their faces or physiques. But the texture of the suit, the high-light on a ring or tie pin, the sort of shirt the man is wearing—all are emphasised as well. And the harshness of lighting gives, in my opinion, an air of phoney toughness or

brutality to his sitters rather than of strength. Between Karsh and David Octavius Hill or Mrs. Cameron there is the difference that one sees in water-colour between the work of Girtin and of Birket Foster.

Some photographers have told me that, in their opinion, the long exposures needed in the old days were an actual help in bringing out a sitter's character, compared to the fraction-of-a-second exposures used today. Faced with the camera, almost all of us slide on a self-conscious defensive expression. But self-consciousness rarely lasts whole minutes. Pose fades, and the personality looks out. It is right to derive strength from limitations while they exist, but it would be absurd to cling to them when they are no longer necessary. And over the last hundred years, particularly during the last twenty-five, technical developments have opened up quite new and fascinating possibilities for photographers. The wide-angle lens allows a much broader field to be included. The long-focus lens enormously increases range, making it possible for example to photograph big game at a distance, living their own natural lives, and not always with heads raised in suspicion. Much faster shutter-speeds, with films of greatly improved sensitivity, enable the camera to freeze movement far too rapid for the eye. And the miniature camera, easy to carry, inconspicuous—which can be sighted directly like a gun, instead of having to search for one's target in a reflector—makes it possible to exploit these advantages to the full. One looks directly at one's picture. Always a help, this is essential when working at high speed—for example, in trying to catch the most telling moments in an argument, or the most expressive movements in a ballet.

The camera, which began as a contrivance for recording stationary objects, and was advertised as likely to save artists trouble in drawing, has become a device for slicing cross-sections out of time and space. All over the world time and space are ceaselessly in contact, to produce the infinity of effects which make up the surface of our life. Wherever time and space meet, there is—or much more often there is not—a picture. But only the eye trained to see in twentieths, fiftieths, or hundredths of a second can know and catch it. Beyond that, in a region we have no time to visit today, lie all the wonderful, exquisite and sometimes



'Mush-fakers and Ginger-beer makers'; one of the London street photographs taken by Thomson in the eighteen-seventies

'Picture Post' Library



'Hunting for bargains at a bookstall in Farringdon Road': a photograph by J. H. Stone



frightening pictures which are never actually seen by the human eye at all. There are not only pictures which show, for example, just what happens when a bullet strikes a sandbag, or a ping-pong ball falls into a bowl of milk; that is, pictures of things we have never seen because they move too fast. There are pictures of things we cannot see because they move too slowly, such as a bud unfolding; because they are too small; or because—like some of the astonishing astronomical photographs now being taken—they penetrate far into the invisible depths of space.

And so today, instead of capturing the surfaces and recording the patterns made by promiscuous objects—a sort of grey echo of the painter's still-life composition—the camera is able to achieve results that are truly its own, and record impressions inaccessible to any other art. But it is essential that the instrument and its powers be understood. At present there is a lamentable division. Wherever photography is used to serve some ulterior purpose—mapping, let us say, or advertising; recording a war; in the laboratory—there its resources are exploited to the utmost. Wherever photography is looked on as an art, old-fashioned ideas largely hold sway. *The Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, for example, have begun in the last years to take some interest in photography and reproduce photographs for their own sake. But the pictures chosen are the same grinning longshoremen, the same pots of geraniums with cats curled up against them, the same rustics ploughing, and gypsies round the camp-fire that Paul Martin revolted against back in the 'nineties.

### 'An Instrument for Netting Life'

Meantime, truly brilliant photographic work is being turned out as a routine by the newspaper and agency cameramen who cover football matches on a Saturday. Boringly similar in subject, as they are bound to be, these men's pictures have a vigour, a grace, and a dramatic force which the so-called art photograph is utterly unaware of. If, instead of being centred only on sport, this technical skill were let loose into a wider field; and if newspapers, instead of selecting photographs suitable for art supplements and Christmas calendars, would realise that the camera is an instrument for netting life—some remarkable offspring might be born of the union. As a single example I will quote a sensational photograph by Richard Avedon. It appeared in the American—but not the English—issue of *Harper's Bazaar* for February last. The picture shows Gloria Swanson met by the actor, Jose Ferrer, at the Pennsylvania Railroad station, and the magazine has given nearly two pages to their head-and-shoulders figures. Ferrer sweeps across the picture from the left, in movement so rapid as to convey no personal likeness, but an impression of cat-like intensity. Gloria Swanson leans slightly back, her face—alive with a most vivid smile—outlined against a dark collar. The flash of eyes and teeth is intensified by the sparkle of a jewel in her hat. The vast half-moons and arches of the lighted station suggest the meeting of two spirits in a deserted Crystal Palace.

It is against this background of the camera's neglected possibilities, this chasm between the commercial and the supposed 'artistic', that I intend to examine a few recently published books—and discuss them from a photographic, instead of a literary, point of view. First, obviously with the 1951 Festival in mind, two new series of guide-books are being published. These are the 'County Books' published by Robert Hale—of which *East London*, written by Robert Sinclair, is an admirable example—and the 'Vision of England' books, published by Paul Elek. In the Robert Hale series, photographs—carefully chosen on the whole—are used to suggest atmosphere rather than to reproduce the best-known sights. In the Paul Elek books, wood-engravings suggest the general feeling of a district, and photographs are employed to show beauty spots and historic buildings. From the photographic point of view, the pictures here are too many, too small, and too commonplace. But it is fair to remember that a guide book of this type often includes pictures simply for recognition.

A firm which produces a number of photographic books is Batsford. Besides their 'Face of Britain' series, they have lately published two books of photographs: *London—Work and Play* and *London—Historic Buildings*. These are sound, if rather stolid, productions, enlivened by the work of an excellent, not very well-known photographer, J. H. Stone. His photographs are rich in the flow and bustle of life; and such pictures cannot be taken unless one has a genuine feeling for life and sympathy for one's fellow men. It seems to me a pity such honest work should be described on the wrappers in ponderous platitudes, 'magnificently illustrated' on one, and 'brilliantly illustrated' on the other. The same firm, Batsford, has lately brought out *Seaside*

*England*, by Ruth Manning-Sanders. The pictures are mainly from engravings and old illustrations, but there are a few photographs of the seaside early in this century, chosen with taste. A bolder display would have made them still more effective.

Publishers, it seems, are too little aware that there are *clichés* of photography as well as *clichés* in writing. Of the two, the former must be a good deal more costly to perpetuate. Two books that are decked in photographic *clichés* are *Undiscovered Scotland*, by W. H. Murray, published by Dent, and *Cave Men New and Old* by Norbert Casteret, also by Dent. Masses of rock and snow, with an occasional figure gazing or scrambling across them, no longer convey an impression of achievement—nor does beauty in their subject render such pictures beautiful. *Cave Men New and Old* throws away the opportunity of printing really unusual pictures—presumably because the photographer was unequal to the task of picturing the caves and pot-holes which the author explored, though a good magazine cameraman would do the job in two day's work. Instead, the book is illustrated with posed portraits in an imitation of studio-lighting. A different sort of photographic *cliché* is found in *Chico*, a Siamese cat, photographed by Felix Fonteyn, and published by Cassell. If you doubt whether an animal photograph can be vulgarly coy, consider one of a Siamese cat, holding in its paw a book entitled *Is Sex Necessary?*

In all these cases we have had either the use—or the abuse—of photography; that is the power to take first-rate pictures of the right kind for the book's purposes. It is simply a question of whether *these* photographers can take the pictures, and whether the publishers have judgment about what gets printed. But there is still, in my opinion, one great unsolved problem in photography. That is colour. I have had, from the nature of my former work, considerable experience of colour-photography. I must certainly have examined, over the years, some hundreds of thousands of colour-photographs, and my main impression is surprise. Surprise that those who take these pictures, develop, print (where prints are made) and publish them, don't pistol themselves more freely. With black-and-white photography the extraordinary thing is that, with all the resources available, 'likeness' should still be thought enough. But with colour-photography, in my opinion, the technical conditions for securing likeness with any certainty do not yet exist. A colour-photograph is indeed a photograph in colour; but except for the work of a very few, who have devoted immense time and thought to overcoming technical problems, it is not in the colours of the thing being photographed. Nor, except by the happiest chance, is it in some strange delightful colouring of its own. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand—no, far more often than that—it is a kind of ferocious parody of the original.

### No Misty Greys and Half-tones

*Life in Lakes and Rivers* by Macan and Worthington, is published by Collins in the 'New Naturalist' series. About the text I am not competent to speak. It appears to me to be both interesting and authoritative, and it has been favourably reviewed. The black-and-white photographs—actually they are printed in a bluish photogravure—are probably adequate as explanation to the text, though they have no quality as pictures. But the colour-photographs in the book are, with a few exceptions, proof of the dismal state of colour-photography today. They are most of them landscapes, taken in summer, and nearly all of them include water. Anyone who has worked with colour-photography under these conditions knows what he is up against. If he doesn't take the utmost care over the photographs, making many experimental shots in different kinds of weather and lighting, he will find all his skies a particularly violent blue. And of this blue all rivers, lakes and seas will be a more malignant echo. The same blue, blended with yellow in printing, produces a harsh—no, a savage—green. So in place of the delicate gradations, the misty greys and half-tones of our English landscape—whose most moving quality is the lowness of its colouring—the photographer finds he has fathered a sort of Technicolor conception of the Mediterranean coast.

The colour-photographs in this book are not below the general level of colour-photographs in books today. But the accepted level is lamentable. That is because a truthful and reliable technique for recording such pictures has not yet been worked out, though we are all interested to pretend that it has. Until such a complete technique does exist, and is in regular use, it is a mistake for publishers to print idle boasts, saying that the objects in this book 'are portrayed in the full beauty of their natural colours'. They are not: one has only to look at a river or mountainside to see it.—*Third Programme*



# Manifesto of the Modern Mind

ALFRED COBBAN on the *Encyclopaedia* of 1751

THE seventeenth century was an age of genius. It was followed by the Enlightenment, an age of popularisers, for example Bayle. His *Historical and Critical Dictionary* was a great quarry. The Enlightenment dug from it is perhaps not pure gold, but at any rate pretty solid chunks of granite to heave at its opponents. Another famous populariser was Fontenelle, who lived an active hundred years, which, as a French writer observes, was itself not a negligible form of propaganda. But the greatest work of popularisation of all was the seventeen huge folio volumes of Diderot's *Encyclopaedia*.

The *Encyclopaedia* was not a mere repository of information: it was the colossal manifesto of a new attitude to the world. It could not have been written before the middle of the eighteenth century; it could not be written now. We have lost the sublime intellectual confidence of the men of the Enlightenment. We see difficulties where they saw solutions, problems where they saw answers. They envisaged human life and the universe, man and nature, as a whole, perhaps for the last time. They tilled the ground on which the fruits of the modern mind have grown. If some of their grapes were sour, it is our teeth that are set on edge.

What change in the intellectual climate of Europe did the Encyclopaedists register? To put it briefly, they substituted science and history for metaphysics and religion, and utilitarianism for theological ethics. The growing point of their thought, and the beginning of the modern mind, was their empirical, scientific approach to the world, but their attitude towards science differed in one important respect from the modern scientific outlook. Those positive, confident, dogmatic spirits were only at the beginning of the scientific discovery of the universe: they thought they were near the end.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:  
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light.

In science proper the Encyclopaedists were content to summarise existing knowledge, and as the article by d'Alembert entitled *Expérimentale* showed, the heart of the matter was in them. But their most novel conception, and the one on which they fastened their greatest hopes, was the application of the scientific method to man and society. This is the aspect of their work which I want to discuss, for here their ideas have the closest relevance to the problems of our own time.

A word of caution is necessary to begin with. It would be easy, and would fit in with what the Encyclopaedists thought themselves, to present the Enlightenment as an emergence of the human mind from centuries of darkness, an escape from the Gothic twilight of the Middle Ages. The modern mind has been portrayed as the product of a revolt of reason against religious bondage: but the divorce between religion and reason is more a modern than a medieval phenomenon. The change that came about in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was not the appearance of a new belief in reason, but the invention of a new method for its application to the phenomenal world. Voltaire was quite right in looking back to Bacon and not Descartes as the precursor of the new age, for, as I have said, the empirical method was the great new discovery, and already by 1751 it had created modern science. What more natural than to look for similar achievements from its application to man himself as well as to his physical environment?

Newton had produced order out of chaos by revealing what were apparently universal laws determining the motion of inanimate matter.

Were there similar laws regulating the actions of men? The Encyclopaedists were sure that such laws existed, and that they were discoverable empirically. They believed that every question worth asking could be answered by finding the right facts, and to the supply of facts there seemed no end. It was the great age of collectors and classifiers. Linnaeus is the type. He collected plants: the Encyclopaedists collected human behaviour—reports of voyagers to remote lands, to Africa, the Indies, America or Cathay, observations of the present, and accounts from the near and the distant past. Of course, it was easier to collect facts than to put them in order and deduce general laws from them. Linnaeus, with his system of classification,

could deal adequately with the vegetable world. The human race presented more intractable material. Besides, the Encyclopaedists did not want only to collect the facts about man, but also to understand the reasons for them, to know not only how, but also why and to what purpose he behaved as he did.

Such questions are inevitable once the pattern of life has ceased to be taken for granted. Given a reasonable degree of uniformity of behaviour, such as normally prevails at any one time in a single country, or—with a little more variation—in a single civilisation, it is natural and almost inevitable that existing institutions and habits should be taken for granted. Anything that did not fit into the prevailing pattern of life was a wonder to the men of the Middle Ages, something outside the normal course of nature, like the one-eyed Arimaspians, or the men that do have their heads within their breasts, and all the other fancies that people the pages of Mandeville. When, later, a cartographer wrote on his map—with no idea of being a prophet—'Pliny placeth the Perosites here, whom hee saith to be so narrow mouthed that they live only by the smel of rost meat beleave it not', the scientific age was beginning.

Wonders had had their day, empirical facts

were taking their place, and the difference was that whereas wonders did not demand to be accounted for, facts did, especially those facts which concerned man as a social animal.

Why was one nation warlike and another peaceful, one monogamous, another polygamous, and yet a third polyandrous? Why was property individual with some peoples and held in common by others? Why were some tribes cannibal? It was not a far step to put the question inversely, and ask why we are not cannibals. That way round it was even more difficult to answer. Indeed, could it be answered finally except in terms of right and wrong? It is easy enough to see how, with all their new information about the strange and fantastic varieties of human customs, the Encyclopaedists came to their predominant interest in *mœurs*—manners and morals—and felt the need to discover the equivalent of the laws of gravity in human behaviour. In this attempt to find a scientific explanation of *mœurs*, however, there were difficulties involved which they did not appreciate.

The natural scientist is content to describe and analyse, to reveal differences and uniformities in nature, to discover patterns in the physical world. He is not concerned to pass judgment on them. *Qua* scientist he is innocent of the knowledge of good and evil; one scientific fact cannot be better or worse than another; one pattern may be more complex than another pattern, as a chimpanzee is more complex than an amoeba, but this is a fact of observation, not an ethical judgment. The Encyclopaedists believed that the patterns of human behaviour



Denis Diderot (1713-1784): portrait by Van Loo in the Louvre



could be studied in a like spirit of scientific impartiality; but that is possible only up to the point at which the social scientist begins to pass judgment on the various patterns he observes and to apply his knowledge to change them. Putting it very simply, the difficulty seems to me to be this. The natural scientist, if he desires to interfere with the formation of a crystal, or to meddle with a mollusc, does so from human, not crystalline or molluscan motives, and his desire does not by itself affect the nature of the material he is dealing with.

When the social scientist interferes with human behaviour he does so from motives which arise out of, and are inevitably part of, the material he studies. His study cannot be isolated from such motives. Could any social scientist put his hand on his heart and swear that practical motives, and the judgment of good and bad which they imply, were not there before he began his study, had no influence on the course of that study, and only appeared subsequently out of a separate compartment of his mind, in which they had been kept hermetically sealed? Certainly the Encyclopaedists, if they had made any such claim, would have been very mistaken in themselves.

### Incurable Optimists

The truth is that, whatever they believed, the Encyclopaedists did not begin with empirical facts, but with a strong theoretical conviction of what is good and bad for man. Happiness—*bonheur*—they held, is the end of human life. Since happiness is an unscientifically vague term, varying from individual to individual, they translated it into terms of pleasure. They would have held the alleged saying of Pope Alexander VI, 'Since God has given us the Papacy, let us enjoy it', as the height of wisdom. The human race has been given the world to enjoy: let it enjoy it. They were incurably optimistic: they believed that the world was enjoyable. I must add one qualification here: when I say 'they', I do not include the greatest of their allies. Voltaire fully accepted the hedonism of the Encyclopaedists, but in *Candide* and elsewhere he showed what he thought of the world and its inhabitants—

Twisted and tortured atoms on this heap of dirt,  
Dead to be swallowed up, alive for fate to flit.

The Encyclopaedists could not deny the existence of much that was the reverse of pleasurable, but they refused to believe that it was a necessary condition of the laws that governed nature. It must be the result of ignorance of those laws or the wilful breach of them. That implied that there was some element in society to whose interest it was to break them. Even in their Eden there had to be a snake. To discover the evil influence all that was necessary was to ask to whose advantage it was to keep men in ignorance or enslaved to irrational superstitions. The answer was easy for the disciples of Voltaire—it was to the interest of the Churches, the authority of which they proceeded to undermine by all the weapons at their command. Their war against religion, however, is not so easy to reconcile with an impartial, scientific acceptance of the facts. The phenomena of religious belief constitute a very extensive set of facts in the life of man as a social animal, and mere denunciation is never an adequate way of dealing with empirical facts.

The truth is that the campaign of the Encyclopaedists against what Voltaire called *l'infâme* was not inspired by an intellectual analysis but by a moral indignation against the cruelties that were committed in the name of religion; just as their campaign for law reform was inspired by a hatred of the tortures to which the legal profession clung. If the stake and the rack, the wheel, the *brodequin* and the water torture are no longer the chief agents of social and religious conformity in the western world, the credit must go to the men of the eighteenth century. Their motives are plain, and I think not discreditable. Humanitarianism was the natural conclusion of a belief that pain is bad and pleasure good. I am not quarrelling with it, but only asking on what scientific arguments it could be based. Science can indicate the means of diminishing pain and perhaps even of increasing pleasure; but it can equally well be used for the purpose of maximising pain. The Encyclopaedists may be excused if that possibility had not occurred to them. It ought to have occurred to us.

The difference between scientific laws and human legislation, the hiatus between scientific discovery and agreement on the purposes to which it should be applied, was not revealed to the Encyclopaedists. We have the advantage of them by 200 years' experience, but they have hardly been 200 years of progressive revelation in this respect.

Suppose we pass now to the other great source of facts—history. How did the search for the laws governing man succeed in this sphere? If, as the Encyclopaedists held, the world was ruled neither by chance

nor by Providence, but by law, then that law is presumably discoverable in history. Under the influence, though they did not know it, of the Bible, they envisaged the history of the human race as a single line of development, at the beginning of which, to mark their independence of religious tradition, they put the Egyptians instead of the Jews. They had a very low opinion of the Old Testament Jews, who clearly failed to measure up to the best standards of eighteenth-century Enlightenment. For that matter, they had not a very high opinion of the Greeks or Romans either, apart from certain political virtues of the Roman Republic. And the whole of the Middle Ages had to be explained away as a period of retrogression attributable to the regrettable influence of religion on those unfortunate centuries.

Given the rationalist presuppositions of the Encyclopaedists, history was bound to seem mostly an aberration, just as, given their individualist presuppositions, it was mostly a series of accidents. At best it could be used as a storehouse of examples, mostly bad examples. However, the eighteenth century had put all this right and humanity was at last progressing on sound lines. Perhaps it was, perhaps it still is; but if most of the history of the human race had to be written off as a series of mistakes, then evidently those sound lines could not be deduced from history any more than from science.

Thus the collection of facts from neither of the two oracles of the eighteenth century—science or history—gave much clue to the laws governing human life or the objects of man's endeavour. This failure was not only a matter of theory. It affected the severely practical question of the ends of society and the functions of government. It was no accident that the Encyclopaedists contributed practically nothing to political thought, beyond an assertion of the rule of reason, which perhaps for some other reason has not been much more conspicuous in the government of man since the eighteenth century than before.

### Motive Power of Utilitarianism

The problem of ends did not remain completely neglected, however. It was settled for the Encyclopaedists by utilitarianism. This was the third factor in the trilogy of their thought; it provided the motive power by which progress, on the lines in which they believed, was made possible. The impetus it gave has continued to the present day; but, unlike science and history, the utilitarian creed was to suffer a series of attacks, which were finally to deprive it of intellectual validity for the modern mind—I do not say whether rightly or wrongly. The result has been that while science and history have continued to accumulate knowledge at an increasing pace, we are apparently incapable of knowing what to do with it. 'This century begins to see the triumph of reason', Voltaire wrote to Helvetius in 1760. He spoke too soon. If he lived today, I think he would not find very much to alter in *Candide*.

The intellectual machine of which the Encyclopaedia was the first great demonstration, has produced results that are the marvel of the ages. Let us credit the Encyclopaedists with the fact that it seemed under control and directed to positive and coherent ends in their day. We still have the machinery of thought in which they saw the hope of humanity: only it has lost its sense of direction. This may seem like a condemnation. I have tried to show that there were fatal gaps in the scientific and historical thought of the Enlightenment—gaps which have become increasingly apparent in the course of two centuries of scientific and historical thought. But can we afford to criticise the Encyclopaedists too severely? What improvements have we made on their basic ideas, and what have we found to put in place of the utilitarianism we have rejected in theory, if not in practice? Whatever faults may be found in the ideas of the Encyclopaedia, there is still something intellectually therapeutic in its optimism, its self-confidence, and its belief in the power of human reason to conquer nature, and to control the forces inside as well as outside man.—*Third Programme*

In *Political Leadership in Eighteenth-Century Virginia*, an inaugural lecture by Charles S. Sydnor, Harmsworth Professor of American History at Oxford (O.U.P., 2s.), we are reminded of the aristocratic character of the revolutionary leadership in the oldest American colony. Even Thomas Jefferson, author of the assertion 'that all men are created equal', 'had no faith in the equal fitness of all men for political leadership'. Since his time American democracy has marched forward through Jackson to Truman. But aristocracy in politics has declined. The mounting faith in the common man has covered 'the peaks as well as the valleys of political activity'. Another recent historical pamphlet of topical interest is 1851 by Asa Briggs (Historical Association, 1s. 6d.). This reminds us among other things that the Whig Government at the time of the Great Exhibition lived under a constant threat of parliamentary defeat.



# The Old School Tie

By A. P. RYAN

**A** BRITISH Field-Marshal does not carry his baton more proudly than he wears his old school tie. The cult of the public school is deeply rooted in English social life and—as is the way with all our historic institutions—it has devout worshippers and angry dissenters. An American student of our insular scale of values calculated, at a time when Mae West was a reigning toast of the wits on both sides of the Atlantic, that, over here, jokes about her were outnumbered by those about cads, pukka sahibs and the old school tie. I only know one Englishman who remains quite detached. This old friend of mine wears an old Etonian tie, although he left his council school about the age at which little Etonians begin, and he does so simply because he likes the colour scheme. It goes well, he says, with a blue suit and, if you bothered to respect conventional copyright in neckwear, you would never be able to dress as you pleased, for, between them, the public schools have cornered half the rainbow. Oddly enough, my friend's name is a household one among devotees of another English mystery—cricket.

## No Girl Friends

His eccentricity is for me a welcome last touch. When Englishmen are at their happiest, getting down to a traditional argument, there is always someone among them to annoy both sides by saying that he could not care less. The argument about public schools has gone on for centuries and it keeps on taking new turns. Today, with fees going up, with those who want to give their sons this education getting poorer and poorer, and with those who want to level everything flat getting stronger and stronger, the waiting lists for the most expensive schools keep up. No other nation spends so much on sending its boys away from home and to different schools from their sisters'. Since the war I have come across two American boys at public schools. One of them took to it like a duck to water, but the other missed girl friends in term time. Such a complaint would be unthinkable from an English boy; the monastic strength of the public school custom is too ingrained.

If there can be anything harder to imagine than a coeducational Eton, it is a coeducational Winchester. The college of Mary de Winton at Winchester comes first in the line of great schools and, in that ancient cathedral city, you can best savour the atmosphere of their far away origins. When Chaucer was writing the 'Canterbury Tales', a highly successful bishop was founding Winchester to go with his New College at Oxford. Old Wykehamists did well in the world and influenced Henry VI to repeat the good work of their founder. So Eton and King's College at Cambridge began—with half-a-dozen boys from Winchester transferred to give the new school a flying start. This connection was maintained. Three of Eton's earliest Provosts and twelve of her Headmasters came from Winchester. But a king is a high card to play and, as the years rolled on, 'The King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor' drew ahead. Incidentally, it did so without quite the monarchical support you might expect. George V was the first king since Henry VI to attend service in the glorious chapel left unfinished owing to the Wars of the Roses. The present Duke of Gloucester is the first son of an English king to be an Etonian. Scotland has stepped in gallantly to redress this balance, for all the six brothers of the Queen were at Eton.

As a Londoner I would not take a foreigner, curious about the public schools, first to Eton. I should lead him to Westminster. Whenever I turn out of the dull stretch of Victoria Street into the Collegiate School of St. Peter under the shadow of the Abbey, I am grateful to the loyalty that has kept it there while so many famous foundations, like Charterhouse and Merchant Taylors, were flitting away to the countryside. Westminster, too, has its royal connections, for having begun as a medieval grammar school, it was refounded by Queen Elizabeth. It had one of the earliest of those vintage, flogging Headmasters, who are so much more fun to read about than they must have been to meet in class on a cold winter morning. This was the formidable pedagogue, Dr. Busby, who kept his hat on when he was showing Charles II round, saying, 'It would not do for my boys to suppose that there exists in

the world a greater man than Dr. Busby'. I wish I could listen-in, in the Elysian Fields, to a conversation between Dr. Busby and Dr. Keate, the little man with the red face and the stentorian voice who made history with his birch at Eton.

If you want to get an idea of how the old dominies impressed their boys, you will find it in the account of a young officer of Foot Guards who met his old Headmaster, Dr. Keate, in Paris when the British Army was in occupation after Waterloo. Dr. Keate was seen by some of his ex-pupils, then holding His Majesty's commission, eating an ice at Tortoni's. They thought that in his cocked hat he looked like Napoleon, but, plucking up courage, they invited him to dinner. The Doctor accepted and, when he had indulged in 'large bumpers of every description of wine', his hosts started telling him tales out of school. They told him how two of the masters in their day had gone up to London every week-end to dine with Kean at Drury Lane. They spoke of somebody's flirtation with the fair Martha and somebody else's poaching in Windsor Park, of tandem driving and other little episodes. The Doctor, in genial mood, enjoyed it all and said that he regretted he had not flogged them a great deal more.

Nothing, I think, brings out more vividly the gulf between the public schools in the heyday of the aristocracy and what they have since become than do accounts of the Keate regime. Keate presided at a raised desk with other masters in the same room—you can still see it with the famous names carved thickly into the woodwork. Two hundred boys were there at once. It was the commonest thing for a boy to go a month or six weeks without being called up to say his lesson. The main teaching was Homer, Vergil and Horace. We never ceased, said a witness before the Victorian commission into the public schools, doing Homer, Vergil and Horace. And the commissioners, reporting half-a-century after Keate's day, remark: 'There is now a greater infusion of Attic authors, but Homer, Vergil and Horace continue to be the staple'. You can see from that why those three authors, and especially the two who wrote in Latin, were so often quoted in the House of Commons. Members had had the classic verses thrashed into them so thoroughly that they knew them by heart all their lives.

## Rough Houses

Organised games had not yet become a distraction. That delightful commentator on the English way of life, Mr. Bernard Darwin, says, of his old school, that, at Eton about Keate's time, they played indiscriminately 'cricket, fives, shirking walls, scrambling walls, bally cally, battledores, peg-top, peg in the ring, goals, hop-scotch, heading, conquering lobs, hoops, marbles, trap-ball, steal baggage, puss in the corner, cut gallows, kites, cloyster and flyer gigs, tops, humming tops, hunt the hare, hunt the dark lantern, chuck, sinks, stare caps, hustle cap, football, slides in school, leaping poles, slide down the sides of the stairs from cloyster to college kitchen'. This sounds more like a rather delinquent nursery having a rough house than a modern public school. Rough houses of a really tough sort had sometimes to be quelled with weapons even more lethal than the birch. Eton boys threw their books into the Thames and went on strike. Harrow boys attacked a master with bludgeons. The impeccable Winchester boys themselves ran away and were only shepherd back after some days of playing truant. Troops had to be brought in, with bayonets, to help the masters.

These halcyon days for the little animals were brought to an end by the middle-class revolution carried through by Dr. Arnold at Rugby. He was a Wykehamist and he had no illusions about boys. 'It is quite surprising', he reflected, 'to see the wickedness of young boys, or would be surprising if I had not my own school experience and a good deal of sense to enlighten me'. The new look he gave to the public schools still survives, but he had his critics. The boys are all so pious now, complained one old canon. It is all Arnold's doing. He has spoilt the public schools. Nostalgia for the treat-'em-rough plan of campaign lingered long. Dr. Johnson, who so often

(continued on page 622)



# NEWS DIARY

April 11-17

## Wednesday, April 11

President Truman relieves General MacArthur of all his commands and replaces him by Lieutenant-General Ridgway

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, makes statement on Korea in the House of Commons

Commons debates the Budget

## Thursday, April 12

President Truman broadcasts speech on foreign policy and explains why General MacArthur was dismissed. General MacArthur states that he has always complied with all directives received

M. Queuille, the French Prime Minister, defends his economic policy before the Assembly

Annual report of the National Film Finance Corporation states that its funds are running out

## Friday, April 13

Mr. Morrison speaks in the Commons about the disturbances in Persia

The Coronation Stone is returned to Westminster Abbey

British Transport Commission proposes further increases in railway fares

## Saturday, April 14

Death of Mr. Ernest Bevin

Further anti-British demonstrations at Abadan in Persia

Cambridge beat Yale University in boat race in Connecticut

## Sunday, April 15

The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's oil refinery at Abadan has to stop production owing to demonstrations

In a speech at Washington President Truman defends his Far Eastern policy

Communist troops fall back in Korea

The Prime Minister broadcasts a tribute to Mr. Ernest Bevin (see page 607)

## Monday, April 16

President of the Board of Trade warns about danger to industry of scarcity of certain raw materials, especially sulphur, non-ferrous metals and cotton

Some Persian strikers return to work at Abadan refinery

Price of coal to be increased to meet railway transport charges

## Tuesday, April 17

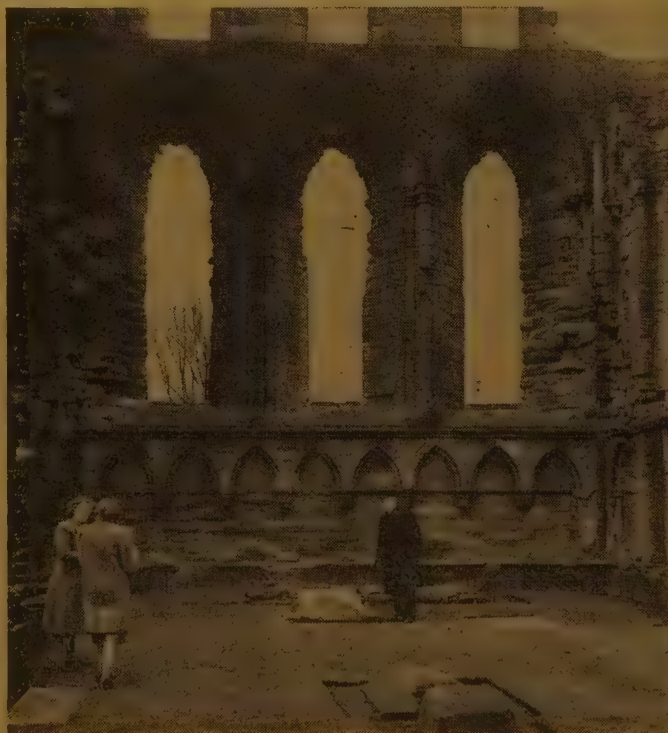
Seven dockers found guilty at Old Bailey of conspiring to induce dock workers to absent themselves from work in breach of contract. 9,000 London dockers take part in token strike

White Paper published on organisation of North Atlantic command

Air and sea search instituted for submarine H.M.S. *Affray* missing off Isle of Wight



General MacArthur being saluted by a military policeman in Tokyo: a photograph taken after President Truman had relieved him of all his commands on April 11. The General left Tokyo on April 16 and is expected in Washington today



The Coronation Stone, which was stolen from Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day, was left on the High Altar of Arbroath Abbey, Angus, Scotland, on April 11. The photograph shows the Stone, covered with the Scottish flag, lying in the ruined abbey. It was brought back to Westminster Abbey last Friday

Right: the head of the seven-foot-high effigy of a Unicorn which, together with a Lion (left background), has been made out of plaited corn by Mr. Fred Mizen of Bardfield, Essex, for the Palace of Arts in the South Bank Exhibition



A photograph taken during a United Nations bombers on a mission south of Wonsan in North Korea. American pilots claim to have shot down enemy aircraft and damaged eleven fortresses were lost



Examples from the exhibition 'Five Embroidery', arranged by the Royal School of Needlework at St. James's Palace: Stuart stump-work and slippers belonging to King Charles II, lace lent by the Princess Royal







*The King, with the Queen and Princess Margaret, last week made a two-day tour of his Lancashire estates. The tour, which was postponed last month because of the King's cold, was connected with the 600th anniversary of the creation of the County Palatine of Lancaster. His Majesty is seen shaking hands with one of his tenants at Kiln Trees farm, Winmarleigh*

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*Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, who are spending some days in Italy, visited Vatican City on April 13 and were received in audience by the Pope: the royal couple photographed with officials of the Vatican (the Princess is wearing the long black dress and veil which are traditional for a papal audience). Afterwards Their Royal Highnesses visited some of the Vatican museums and the Sistine Chapel. On April 16 they left Rome for Florence*



*A photograph taken in Devonshire last week: daffodils by the church at Cockington*



*Left: Scotland's centre-forward and England's centre-half diving to head the ball during the international Association football match at Wembley on Saturday. Scotland won by 3 goals to 2*



(continued from page 619)

expressed the subconscious in English thought, one said, 'there is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then, less is learnt there; so that what the boys get at one end, they lose at the other'. He might have approved equally the rough justice meted out by an old boy of the stern era. The boy, having grown up to command a warship, was visited by his former Headmaster. He piped all hands on deck for punishment, and said to the astonished doctor: 'You damned old scoundrel. I am delighted to have the chance of paying you off at last. Bosun, give him three dozen'.

After Arnold had made his mark, and masters from Rugby had scattered to spread a more civilised tradition to other schools, that sort of horseplay went out of fashion. But the conservatism which holds together English institutions saw to it that changes went slowly. Fierce battles were waged over curriculum. Mathematics were not taught in all schools until well into the nineteenth century. Mathematical masters at Eton in the 'sixties could not give religious instruction even if they were clergymen. The learning of French was frowned upon. When a Headmaster was asked whether time should be given to this kickshaw language, he replied, 'Nor a day'. The somewhat cryptic argument was advanced for the introduction of science that an elementary knowledge of it had particular uses for clergymen and others who are brought much in contact with the middle and lower classes. Fagging and no nonsense about it was generally approved. A Victorian fag told how he got up at half-past six, called the master, cooked the prefects' breakfast and only after that had his own at nine o'clock. Asked what he did at dinner, he replied that he took the prefects' plates round and poured out their beer. 'In fact', said his questioner, 'you do everything that a footman does'. 'Yes'. 'If you pour the beer out awkwardly, and don't present it with a proper head of froth, what happens?' 'Very often you are made to pour it out again'. That, in my view, was admirable discipline for boys who at home were surrounded by servants.

### Part of the National Life

Since then, the critics of the public schools have had a high old time. Eton, Harrow, Winchester and their like, cried Bernard Shaw, should be razed to the ground, and their foundations sown with salt. Learning Greek to improve one's English, shouted H. G. Wells—the most readable of all inverted snobs—is like learning to swim in order to fence better. The English, a more subtle modern critic has declared, are dominated by the romantic death wish with its emphasis on childhood. Maturity is the quality they dislike most, and that is why they like the public school education. When I add that the critic is an old Etonian you will see how intimately this controversial code is part of the national life. Its vitality is drawn, I suggest, from the knack it has always had of adapting itself to the changing social set-up. When the schools first began, education was in the hands of the Church. There were three or four hundred grammar schools attached to the religious houses and, it is often said, schooling intended for the poor was later stolen by the rich. But this is bad history. Sons of yeomen, burgesses and small gentry were trained to be priests and lawyers at the early schools. The idea of education for the masses only began to show through with the eighteenth-century charity schools. It has also been said that the Reformation was a stimulus to education and led to the founding of all the many Tudor schools. But these were, in fact, largely started to make up for what had been swept away. It would be truer to argue that the old grammar schools were one cause of the Reformation. Some of the men trained in them helped to bring in the new ideas that led to the breach with Rome. Their influence was somewhat the same as that of the London School of Economics in the spreading of socialist planning.

What certainly cannot be denied is that the wills of the original founders were not followed to the letter. They were interpreted as each succeeding age thought fit. If you climb Harrow Hill, you still find there the churchyard from which Byron brooded over one of the grandest views to be had near London. The view, in spite of suburbs and gas works in the middle distance, is still well worth the climb, but the free grammar school of John Lyon has been transformed. I should not like to say whether, if the founder could return to earth, he would be flattered or infuriated. Harrow took longer than did Westminster, Winchester and Eton to move into the main stream of English affairs, but, by the eighteenth century, it had caught the fancy of the aristocrats. They did not there, or anywhere else, regard a school as giving their sons social prestige. That motive only arrived

as an effective force after the middle classes had climbed into the saddle. Until then, a nobleman might keep his eldest son at home, perhaps with a tutor in holy orders from his old college at Oxford or Cambridge. The next son might go to Eton or Harrow, and the others, if anywhere, to the local grammar school.

### A Victorian Development

The caste theory of the public schools was a Victorian development, bringing with it respect for organised games and all the paraphernalia of coloured caps and ties and so forth. At its worst, this was undoubtedly a snobbish and philistine development. If you read the magazines popular with boys at the turn of the century, you will find that the music master is liable not to be a gentleman and to make passes at his colleagues' daughters, and that the most that can be hoped of a foreign language master is that he does not actually turn out to be a spy in the pay of an enemy government. That he cannot keep order is axiomatic; his distaste for washing in cold water betrays his miserable continental background. I do not mean that these stories reflected a whole picture, but simply that there was a decadent side to the late Victorian and Edwardian schools.

No one was more aware of this fact than were the masters and the old boys. The divine right of big boys to make little boys play games they disliked was challenged. The lessons taught moved in sympathy with an increasingly practical and commercial outlook. Scholarship, in spite of the onslaughts made upon it, stood its ground. The ancient foundations made a common front with those that had sprung up from the bourgeois wealth of the nineteenth century. Marlborough from the eighteenth-forties, Wellington from the 'fifties, Haileybury from the 'sixties joined hands with the Winchester to which newcomers owed so much. The first war was thought to have broken this continuity of a great English institution. Instead, still more schools, such as Stowe, were started and flourished. It all was—and is—puzzling. You can throw up your hands if you choose and sympathise with Sir James Barrie who, in one of his rare public speeches—he was addressing the girls of Wallasey High School—said: 'Your great English public schools! I never feel myself a foreigner in England except when trying to understand them. I am like a dog, looking up wistfully at its owner, wondering what that noble face means, or if it *does* have a meaning'.

You can be pessimistic about the future. Or you can, as I do, observe that the English have a sixth sense of deciding how to make the most of anomalies. They know what they are up to and, unless I misjudge them, they have every intention of keeping their public schools, somehow or other, alive. But who—forty years on—will be wearing the old school tie is another matter.—*Third Programme*

Moscow broadcasts last week paid many tributes to the Dean of Canterbury, 'that selfless peace partisan', as *Pravda* called him, who had been awarded a Stalin peace prize. The Dean was quoted as saying that the peace movement had 'not yet reached the required level' in Britain, but was making progress. His own speeches in various parts of the country were 'listened to with great attention'. He firmly believed that the cause of peace would prevail: 'Every time the threatening clouds descend over the world, the voice of Stalin inspires confidence'. The Dean was further quoted for his own observations on the Boat Race: 'I was ashamed of the fact that an American student was the coxswain of the Oxford crew. Oxford lost. "The presence of an American in the boat made it sink", the English people were saying. Our Navy is now under American command; and under American command Great Britain awaits the same fate that befell the Oxford boat'.

While Moscow broadcasts waxed eloquent in praise of the Dean, who 'lived in a modest and simple style', they were equally eloquent in their attacks on the religion which he officially represents. Thus, the Soviet home audience was treated to a lengthy lecture by Professor Berezhnev on 'overcoming the last remnants of religion' in the Soviet Union. Marxist-Leninism, he said, had always waged a consistent struggle against religion, whose very roots had been destroyed in Russia.

Another Moscow broadcast spoke, apparently with no trace of humour, of the 'battle cry' of the peace partisans: 'Millions demand peace. Everywhere one hears their battle cry: "For a peace pact; for support of peace between the peoples!"' And, also without any apparent trace of humour, a Berlin broadcast, during a discussion on the recent Congress of German composers, played a few bars of some 'progressive jazz' from the United States, and described this music as constituting 'not only a preparation for war, but an attempt to smuggle the idea of war into the human brain'.



# The Whale Hunt

By EDWARD HYAMS

THE setting of this story was a university city and it happened about nine years ago. A class of twenty of us arrived in the city to do part of our initial training as pilots and observers in the R.A.F. It was mid-winter, snowing, there was an air-raid alert in progress, and we were cold, hungry and miserable. The Pilot Officer who was to be in charge of us turned out to be a nervous, self-deprecating little man named Pewter. He did not make a very good impression on us because he was ingratiating: he even referred to himself as 'Billy Pewter . . . that's what they call me'. With him was our Sergeant P.T. instructor, whom we liked at once, a quiet, worried-looking man with a gentle manner.

## Five in a Whitewashed Box

Mr. Pewter disappeared and the sergeant took us to one of the colleges—for a meal. The food and the warmth, but particularly the college hall, a gracious, shadowy room, did a lot to revive us. After that we were marched to another college, where we were to live for two months. Five of us, who were already friends, managed to get a room together. They had stripped the rooms bare, of course, so that we just had a whitewashed box with five iron cots and five steel cupboards. But the place was running with damp and the M.O. had insisted on fires in the rooms. I had better say who 'we' were. Apart from myself, there was Hartley, a man of nearly thirty, from Bolton, very slow, thoughtful and reliable. Our two youngest were Simon—never mind the surname—the sort of young Englishman one associates rather with the 1914 war than the last one, tall, fair, with poet's eyes, by which I mean a look of intense attention, a very gentle manner, and blushing as easily as a girl, if girls do blush more easily than men. Peter was his contemporary, and his antithesis, small, quick, dark and very high-spirited: he had been up at the university when he volunteered. Finally, there was Edouard de Merri, who was French. He looked like a Marseilles *maquereau*, but was, as a matter of fact, a nobleman of old family. We called him Ted. He was the dynamic spirit of our clique very impatient of the small details of discipline, and profoundly loyal to the European and Christian *mystique*.

Well, we had got to bed and the light was out when the sergeant came in. He went and stood by the dying fire, so that we could see him as a silhouette. He told us the drill for the morning, and he finished by saying ' . . . and then you'll be dealt with by Flight Sergeant Villars'. (That wasn't the real name, of course.) I think all of us noticed the odd way the sergeant said this—something like anxiety, even apology. But he said nothing else, and left us feeling rather uneasy, though we did not know why.

I want to make it clear that what follows is very strictly about an individual. Flight Sergeant Villars was not typical of anything. He was a very singular phenomenon—an eccentric. We suffered our first acquaintance with the Flight Sergeant on parade the next morning. Our own sergeant, Brophy, had taken us through the preliminaries, and had us standing at ease. He seemed nervous and irritable, and his anxiety affected us. Then the Flight Sergeant came out of the orderly room. We were not at attention and we all shifted our eyes to look at him. He was short, and so thin that his pointed face was all bone sticking out through the skin. He suggested something keen and cruel, not a sword because of the associations of chivalry. He was a stiletto of a man. But what took our attention was something about him of extraordinary arrogance: it was in his way of moving, his black eyes, the slight curl, not a smile, of his lips. I had never met a man I was afraid of simply because he was what he was. But that is the effect Villars had on us all. We looked at him, and he stopped dead, opened his mouth, which was very red, and said—he didn't shout—'Still!' None of us had ever been spoken to before as if we were trained gun-dogs. But we were still all right. You see, we were afraid.

This is not an easy story to tell because everyone has heard of, or experienced, the ordinary bullying sergeant major. But Villars was not that sort, and I am anxious to make that clear. He came up close to us and walked slowly along the ranks, eyeing each of us up and down.

His eyes were perfectly blank, but his movements, his attitude, the carriage of his head and body expressed the utmost contempt—it wasn't an N.C.O.'s act; it was absolutely sincere, and it was—humiliating. Then a thing happened which made a depressing impression on us. Billy Pewter and the Squadron Leader came out of the Orderly room, and instead of showing, in their movements, their way of standing, or anything they did, their authority, they just stood and waited for the Flight Sergeant to finish. Nothing in that, of course, but it was the way they waited. There's only one word for it—respectful. They were on a par with us, as far as the Flight Sergeant was concerned.

When he was ready Villars called us to attention and reported us to the Squadron Leader, who then came and stood us at ease and talked. He might as well have talked to dummies. We were not exactly exhausted by the impact of the Flight Sergeant's personality, but in some way he had scattered our wits. We could not collect our attention; it was as if we had been expected to listen to the Squadron Leader's platitudes immediately after a bomb had inexplicably gone off. In any case the Squadron Leader was a podgy, ineffectual man, and as for Mr. Pewter, we hardly knew he was there. I may say that it was the ineffectualness of these two officers which made Villars' dominance of the training Wing possible. Presently, the Squadron Leader said, 'Carry on, Flight Sergeant'. Villars stood us 'at ease'—a very unsuitable description of our state. For a few minutes he took no notice of us, just walked up and down, a completely isolated, self-sufficing individual. Then, very abruptly, he stood still and started to talk. And his subject was his own sanity. He said: he was the only man in Britain who knew for a scientific certainty that he was sane. He had a certificate to prove it. He took a paper from a pocket and held it up. Let me make it clear that this did not strike us as in the least funny. Villars made us feel that that certificate was the justification of his whole attitude to us. He was a cool scientist dealing with a bunch of contemptibly amorphous creatures. He had a right to carve us into shape. He did not do much hazing in the ordinary coarse way: true, he told us that he liked putting men on a charge, and that he spent his time looking for trouble and usually found it. But he hazed us with his manner, not his tongue. We felt loathed, condemned and humiliated.

## Indifferent Ferocity

He never shouted, sneered, nor swore. He had a nasal, metallic voice which he delivered clearly and with the indifferent ferocity of a beast of prey. His ferocity implied no particular feeling, but was simply an attribute of his nature. It was effective because it is extremely rare to meet a person so strong, so arrogant, and so uncharitable as to be perfectly indifferent to normal social contracts and compromises. Villars existed on his own terms. He wanted to be feared, and therefore we feared him. I find it almost impossible to convey the effect which such a state of spirit in a man in authority can have on his subordinates. Villars' attitude caused us the mortification of a physical assault, almost of a flogging. Simon was twice reduced nearly to tears by nothing but a battering with words. On one occasion we had to save Hartley from the military crime of assaulting an N.C.O. But it is no good going on about Villars: if I have not managed to tell you what sort of man he was, then I never shall.

I don't know how we should have stood two months of this, but as it was, Peter and de Merri saved us, after only three weeks. They saved us with a verbal formula, and it was Villars himself who made their opportunity. He had been telling us how soft we were, and how he had spent a year on an arctic whaler, had starved, been frozen, worked eighteen hours a day, been wounded by a belaying pin in the hands of a drunken Swede, been frost-bitten. That, he implied, was what we needed. He made the mistake of showing us a weakness: he was not as detached as usual, we saw that he was proud of his toughness. For once, for a moment, he was not taking his superiority for granted. When he had left us to the sergeant, who fell us out for a ten-minute break, in a small, rather apologetic voice—we all felt rather ashamed after one of Villars' performances—we gathered into our



cliques. Our five gathered round Hartley, and almost at once de Merri, with a sort of rueful smile and an emphasis which put his words into inverted commas, said to Peter, '*Mon vieux . . . que pensez-vous de la pêche à la baleine?*' For a moment Peter was disconcerted, then we saw him catch on: he gave a kind of crowing laugh—it sounded slightly hysterical, perhaps with relief—and he said, with enormously exaggerated eye-rolling, head-shaking emphasis, '*C'est un métier d'enfer!*'

They began to laugh, and then we started to laugh too, though we didn't know why: it was a *fou rire*. Of course, the rest of the class came round, and wanted to know what we were laughing at, and most of us didn't know. Finally, Peter was calm enough to give a half-coherent explanation: he said the bit of dialogue came from a French film. Raimu had used it apropos of absolutely nothing to do with the scene, during an awkward pause in a conversation.

The thing became a kind of word of power for our class. It was the abracadabra which completely neutralised Villars. I'm afraid all this sounds childish, but if you put men, of whatever age and standard of education, into classes, under discipline, and in high training, they behave like schoolboys. Whenever and wherever two or more members of our class met, one asked the other, '*Que pensez-vous de la chasse à la baleine?*' and the others replied, '*C'est un métier d'enfer!*' It spread to the N.C.O.s and, I fancy, to the officers' mess. It was pronounced in accents which varied from uncompromising Bolton to elegant diplomatic. The answer or counter-word was always given with blood-curling feeling: '*C'est un métier d'enfer*'. And, for some reason, as I said,

it absolutely neutralised the power of Villars. He knew it, knew that we had contrived to escape him. It puzzled and infuriated him. He surpassed himself in emanating that icy, humiliating force of his with every word he spoke to us, but now all that happened was that we had the greatest difficulty in keeping our countenances, in not seeking each others' eyes and giggling. In the end we won, the Flight Sergeant gave us up and concentrated his hate on some of the new arrivals, capable of yielding him more satisfaction for his peculiar appetite.

And poor Billy Pewter! It worried him. Something was going on all the time and he had no idea what. He took to button-holing members of our class, even in the street. He used to say, 'Come on now, what's the joke, eh, eh?' He became rather truculent, for I think he thought we were getting at him. In the end Hartley gave him a literal translation. Poor Pewter was terribly upset; he thought Hartley was treating him disrespectfully, and he probably had not much confidence in his power to command respect, so it hurt him.

After we had moved on, for the next stage of our training, we heard that a class of Australians had arrived and after two treatments at the hands of the Flight Sergeant, they had waylaid him at night and thrown him in the river, and held him under, and nearly drowned him. In the event, he got off with 'flu. Well, that was one way of dealing with him. But ours was better. Those Australians had only to go round asking each other, '*Que pensez-vous de la pêche à la baleine?*' and answering, '*C'est un métier d'enfer!*' to set Flight Sergeant Villars at nought. But Heaven knows why.—*Third Programme*

## Gilbertese Creation Myth

Set down and told by SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE

**T**AAKEUTA was an elder of the Gilbertese clan called Karongoa-of-the-Kings. This meant that, when he sat in the *maneaba*, or speak-house, of his village telling the story of the creation, nobody dared contradict him. It was perilous to gainsay an elder of Karongoa in the *maneaba*, for his sitting-place was up-against the Sun stone. The Sun stone was only one of the many simple monoliths of hewn coral that held up the roof-plates of the enormous thatch. But it was the central monolith of the eastern side, and the secret rituals of the Karongoa elders had turned it into the Sun's own person before another piece of the cathedral-like building had been put into place. Cross-legged under its shadow, Taakeuta spoke as irrefutably as a High Priest or Oracle, and he loved it.

The urge to expound the history of his people used to seize him every month anew, round about the full moon. You would find him sitting in the *maneaba* at any time of day between forenoon and dusk, a mighty-boned, gaunt old man, with the torso of a time-worn Achilles and the head of a saint. He would be girt in his most beautiful waist-mat and surrounded by listeners as massive and venerable as himself. If you were lucky, he might tell you a story of your own choosing. But it depended on what you asked for. Karongoa-of-the-Kings had its own peculiar versions of the basic traditions, which were not for the ears of outsiders. The rule of secrecy applied very particularly to its creation-story. The Karongoa cosmogony was wrapped up in the myth of a Sun-god named Au, the Lord of Heaven, who had risen from the depths into the sky on the crest of a pandanus tree. The other clans were allowed to know nothing of Au except under the name and style of Auriaria, a simple clan-ancestor. And so, whatever rendering of the creation-story you heard from Taakeuta in public, you could be sure that it was not Karongoa's private version. The Creating Spirits of whom he spoke under the Sun stone were Naareau the Elder and Naareau the Younger. The two Naareaus were, in fact, the popular First Causes as opposed to Au, the priestly one.

If (as I think) Karongoa-of-the-Kings was once, in days and lands but darkly remembered, a caste of royal priests who dictated the articles of popular belief from a temple of the Sun, it must have been a very wise priestcraft. The heritage of doctrinal tolerance that it handed down through the ages to old Taakeuta and his rustic peers was, at all events, a very liberal one. The elders of Karongoa, as I knew them, insisted publicly upon nothing but the barest essentials of dogma about Naareau the Elder and Naareau the Younger. That allowed scope for a stimulating variety of orthodoxies. A man was free to think, if he liked, that Naareau the Elder was a being evolved

from the void through a genealogical series of abstractions and things; or, if he preferred, he could begin with an absolute Naareau seated in the void from all eternity. Original matter could be a ball of stuff timelessly coexistent with the god in the void; or, alternatively, a mixture of elements directly created by him. Naareau the Younger could be the son of the Elder, born of his sweat or a tear of his right eye; or he, too, could be the descendant of a genealogical series beginning with a man and a woman created by the Elder. And so on multitudinously.

Every elder of every clan, of course, claimed that his particular rendering of the creation story was the one and only truth. They argued together about their pet cosmogonies as earnestly (shall I say?) as the physicists of civilisation about their cosmologies. But when they took their differences to Taakeuta sitting by his Sun stone, he never failed to send them away friends. He would listen to each side's story in total silence and whisper at the end (Karongoa-of-the-Kings always whispered its judgments): 'Sirs, there was Naareau the Elder, there was Naareau the Younger. They did what they did. They were great; we are little; no man among us knows all their works. Enough! Let each clan turn away content with its own knowledge'. Having said which, he would treat them to an account radically different from either of theirs and, usually, quite unlike the last one I had heard from him. But I found in the course of time that he never mixed his versions. He handed out each one intact, as it had come to him down the generations. I pass on to you now, after thirty-four years, the first rendering he ever gave me.

Dusk was falling as he told the story. All his listeners except myself had straggled away to the evening meal. Odours of cooking twined with sea-smells and the scent of crinum lilies hung poised in the *maneaba's* sanctuaried gloom. The rumour of a chanted song came drifting in from far away. Taakeuta began as he always began: 'Sir, I remember the voices of my fathers. Listen to the words of Karongoa . . .

'Naareau the Elder was the First of All. Not a man, not a beast, not a fish, not a thing was before him. He slept not, for there was no sleep; he ate not, for there was no hunger. He was in the void. There was only Naareau sitting in the void. Long he sat, and there was none but he.

'Then Naareau said in his heart, "I will make a woman". Behold! A woman grew out of the void: Nei Teakea. He said again, "I will make a man". Behold! a man grew out of his thought: Na Atibu, the Rock. And Na Atibu lay with Nei Teakea. Behold! their child was born: Naareau the Younger. And Naareau the Elder said to Naareau



the Younger, "All knowledge is whole in thee. I will make a thing for thee to work upon". So he made that thing in the void. It was called the Darkness and the Cleaving Together; the sky, and the earth, and the sea were within it; but the sky and the earth clove together, and darkness was between them, for as yet there was no separation. And when his work was done, Naareau the Elder said, "Enough! It is ready. I go, never to return". So he went, never to return, and no man knows where he abides now.

But Naareau the Younger walked on the overside of the sky that lay on the land. The sky was rock, and in some places it was rooted in the land, but in other places there were hollows between. A thought came into Naareau's heart. He said, "I will enter beneath it". He searched for a cleft wherein he might creep, but there was no cleft. He said again, "How shall I enter? I will do it with a spell". That was the First Spell. He kneeled on the sky and began to tap it with his fingers, saying—

Tap, tap, on heaven and its dwelling-places!  
It is stone. What becomes of it? It answers!  
It is rock. What becomes of it? It answers!  
Open, Sir Stone! Open, Sir Rock!  
It is open—o—o!

At the third striking, the sky opened under his fingers. He said, "It is ready", and he looked down into the hollow place. It was black dark, and his ears heard the noise of breathing and snoring in the darkness. So he stood up and rubbed his fingertips together. Behold! the First Creature came out of them: the Moth that he called Tikutiku-toumouma. And he said to the Moth, "Thou canst see in the darkness. Go before me and find what thou findest".

The Moth went in. When he came to the underside, he called to Naareau, "O—o!" and Naareau answered, "O—o!" The Moth said, "I see people lying in this place". Naareau answered, "What are they like?" And the Moth said, "They move not; they say no word; they are all asleep". Naareau answered again, "It is the company of Fools and Deaf Mutes. They are a breed of slaves. Tell me their names". Then the Moth settled on the forehead of each one as he lay in the darkness, and called his name to Naareau: "This man is Uka", "Here lies Kotei", "Behold, Karitoro", "Now Naabawe", "Kote-kateka now": a great multitude. And when they were all named, Naareau said, "Enough. I will go in". So he crawled through the cleft and walked on the underside of the sky; and the Moth was his torch in the darkness. He stood among the Fools and Deaf Mutes and shouted, "Sirs, what are you doing?" None answered: only his voice came back out of the hollowness, "Sirs, what are you doing?" He said in his heart, "They are not yet in their right minds, but wait".

He went to a high place in their midst; he shouted at them, "Move!" They moved. He said again, "Move!" They sat up. The sky was lifted a little. He said again, "Move! Stand!" They stood. He said again, "Higher!" But they answered, "How shall we lift it higher?" He made a beam of wood, saying, "Lift it on this". They did so. He said again, "Higher! Higher!" But they answered, "We can no more, we can no more, for the sky has roots in the land". So Naareau lifted up his voice and shouted, "Where are the Eel and the Turtle, the Octopus and the Stingray?" The Fools and Deaf Mutes answered, "Alas! they are hidden away from the work". So he said, "Rest", and they rested: and he said to that one among them named Naabawe, "Go, call Riiki, the conger eel".

When Naabawe came to Riiki, he was coiled asleep with his wife, the short-tailed eel. Naabawe called him; he answered not, but lifted his head and bit him. Naabawe went back to Naareau, crying, "Alas! the conger eel bit me". So Naareau made a stick with a slipnoose, saying, "We shall take him with this, if there is a bait to lure him". Then he called the Octopus from his hiding place; and the Octopus had ten long arms. He struck off two arms and hung them on the stick as bait. Therefore the Octopus has only eight long arms to this day. They took the lure to Riiki, and as they offered it Naareau sang:

Riiki of old, Riiki of old  
Come hither, Riiki, thou mighty one;  
Leave thy wife, the short-tailed eel,  
For thou shalt uproot the sky, thou shalt press down the depths.  
Heave thyself up, Riiki, mighty and long,  
Kingpost of the roof, prop up the sky and have done.  
Have done, for the judgment is judged!

When Riiki heard the spell, he lifted up his head and the sleep went out of him. See him now! He puts forth his snout, he seizes the bait. Alas! they tighten the noose: he is fast caught. They haul him, they haul him; he is dragged away from his wife the short-tailed eel, and

Naareau is roaring and dancing. Yet pity him not, for the sky is ready to be lifted; the day of sundering has come.

Riiki said to Naareau, "What shall I do?" Naareau answered, "Lift up the sky on thy snout; press down the earth under thy tail". But when Riiki began to lift, the sky and the land groaned, and he said, "They do not wish to be sundered". Then Naareau lifted up his voice and sang:

Hark, hark, how it groans, the Cleaving Together of old!  
Speed between, Stingray, slice it apart.  
Hump thy back, Turtle, burst it apart.  
Fling out thy arms, Octopus, tear it apart.  
West, East, cut them away!  
North, South, cut them away!  
Lift, Riiki, lift, kingpost of the roof, prop of the sky.  
It roars, it rumbles! Not yet, not yet is the Cleaving Together sundered.

When the Stingray, and the Turtle and the Octopus heard the words of Naareau, they began to tear at the roots of the sky that clung to the land. The company of Fools and Deaf Mutes stood in the midst; they laughed, they shouted, "It moves! See how it moves!" And all that while Naareau was singing, and Riiki was pushing. He pushed up with his snout; he pushed down with his tail; the roots of the sky were torn from the earth; they snapped; the Cleaving Together was split asunder. Enough! Riiki straightened out his body. The sky stood high, the land sank, the company of Fools and Deaf Mutes was left swimming in the sea. But Naareau looked up at the sky and saw that there were no sides to it. He said, "Only I, Naareau, can pull down the sides of the sky", and he sang:

Behold, I am seen in the West: it is West!  
There is never a ghost, nor a land, nor a man:  
There is only the Breed of the First Mother with the  
First Father, and the First Begetting of Things;  
There is only the First Naming of Names and the  
First Lying Together in the Void;  
There is only the Lying Together of Na Atibu with Teakea,  
And we are flung down in the waters of the western sea.  
It is West!

So also he sang in the East, and the North, and the South. He ran, he leapt, he flew, he was seen and gone again like the lightnings in the sides of heaven; and where he stayed, there he pulled down the side of the sky, so that it was shaped like a bowl. When that was done, he looked at the company of Fools and Deaf Mutes, and saw that they were swimming in the sea. He said in his heart, "There shall be the First Land". He called to them, "Reach down, reach down—o—o! Clutch with your hands. Haul up the bedrock. Heave!" They reached down, they hauled up the First Land from the bottom of the sea. The name of it was Aba-the-Great, and there was a mountain that smoked in its midst. It was born in the Darkness. And after Aba-the-Great came Aba-the-Little, and after Aba-the-Little was Samoa in the South; but lay them aside, for they were not born in the Darkness.

And Naareau stood on Aba-the-Great in the West. He said to his father, "Na Atibu, it is dark. What shall I do?" Na Atibu answered, "Take my eyes, so that it may be light". Then Naareau slew his father and laid his head on the slope of the mountain that smoked. He took his right eye and flung it East. Behold, the Sun! He took his left eye and flung it West. Behold, the Moon! He took the fragments of his body and flung them into the sky. Behold, the stars! He took Riiki, the great Eel, and flung him overhead. Behold, his belly shines there to this day, the Milky Way! And Naareau planted in Aba-the-Great the beam of wood that had lifted the sky. Behold, the First Tree, the Ancestor-Sun! The spirits of air and earth grew from its branches; the spirits of the underworld grew from its roots; and from the whirlpool where its roots went down to the sea grew the Ancestress, Nei Nimanoa, the far-voyager, from whom we know the navigating stars.

And when it was light, Naareau made Aba-the-Little in the West and Samoa in the South. He planted in Samoa a branch of the First Tree, and ancestors grew from it. They were the Kings of the Tree of Samoa, the Breed of Matang, the company of red-skinned folk, whose eyes were blue. And Naareu plucked the flowers of the Tree of Samoa. He flung them northwards, and where they fell, there grew Tarawa, Beru, Tabiteuea, and a multitude of islands between South and West, not to be numbered. All the lands of the earth were made by Naareau the Younger. Who shall know the end of his knowledge or his works? There is nothing that was not made by him. So at last all things were done according to his thought: he said in his heart, "Enough. It is finished. I go, never to return"; and he went, never to return.

—Third Programme



# Round the London Art Galleries

By ERIC NEWTON

LITERATURE divides itself fairly sharply into prose and poetry. Not so painting. Or rather, the tests one applies to literature do not always hold good for painting. For example, the deliberate attempts at verisimilitude which one thinks of as being characteristic of the Van Eycks, of Holbein, of Canaletto, of Holman Hunt, and of the Early English topographical water-colourists may or may not be the outward signs of an unimaginative mind. Nor does it follow that all visual distortions are done in the interests of poetry. It happens that Algernon Newton at the Leicester Galleries and Samuel Scott (active two centuries earlier) at Agnew's are both topographical in method, and their theme is almost exclusively London. Their intention is to convince the spectator that London looked just like that towards the middle of the eighteenth or of the twentieth centuries, and they make their effect by an emphasis on architectural detail and a plodding avoidance of bravura. Are they then both prosaic in temperament? Do they wish only to record? To answer such questions one examines not their methods but their intentions, and, in particular, their affections. Samuel Scott emerges from the examination with rather low marks: Algernon Newton scores a higher percentage, not because he is a better painter (he has no touch of the sprightly calligraphy that just raises Scott a little above prose-level), but because he has something more to say than 'This is London', and the spectator instead of merely thinking 'So that is London!' is impressed by the airlessness, the rather curious and sinister drama of the light, and the forbidding blankness of the houses. Algernon Newton's London has a mood of its own. Samuel Scott's is an elegant city, but a city without a soul. Not only his method but his intentions are topographical, despite the property swans that furnish his river foregrounds.

The Leicester Galleries are also showing sculpture, paintings and drawings done in Mexico by John Skeaping, and pictures—the word should be pronounced with that slightly apologetic inflection given by inverted commas—by Muriel Pemberton. Skeaping has evidently been unusually excited by his Mexican environment, and the excitement is manifest in everything in the exhibition, but it is not completely digested. The result is a show of enthusiastic sketches, excellent raw material for pictures—plenty of content, not much form. Muriel Pemberton's excitement has no connection with personal experience. She is a designer, a decorator, a craftsman; but for all her juggling with contrasts and textures, nothing but skilful decoration results. Perhaps Miss Pemberton should spend an adventurous year in Mexico and Mr. Skeaping a digestive year in an ivory tower to redress the balance.

'Academic' is today almost a dishonourable word, yet there is room for honest academism, if only the painterly tradition behind it is still capable of growth. The word has fallen into disrepute because a moribund tradition gives birth to stillborn art, and traditions today suffer from an exceptionally high rate of mortality. Some still survive, however, and the late Othon Friesz (Marlborough Galleries)

is as good an example of the honest French academic artist as is R. O. Dunlop (Leger Gallery) of his English cousin. Both are responsible for excellent, uninspired, affectionate, serious pictures. Othon Friesz is the livelier of the two, Dunlop the more honest. That, I think, is because liveliness is a French characteristic and honesty—a sadly underrated virtue—is typically British.

The most important, by far, of the current shows is the Graham Sutherland exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in Dover Street; and the most important exhibit in it is the full-length portrait of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Not that the portrait is Sutherland's best or most typical or most original work up to date, but that it disproves what had almost become axiomatic, namely, that no artist working in a truly contemporary idiom could produce a truly humanistic portrait. Not since Wyndham Lewis' 'Edith Sitwell' has anything like this happened. It is an event of the first importance, and a very heartening one. The exhibition itself is as distinguished as the most exacting critic could have expected. One finds oneself surrounded by the well-known images, the unforgettably intense gestures of pen and brush that are now, to us, as full of meaning as the rhythm of a statue by Michelangelo. And there, among the writhing thorn heads and the harsh, primeval landscapes, is an image of a human being, as full of his own private character as a portrait by Rembrandt or Goya, yet expressed in precisely the same idiom and backed by precisely the same quality of vision and colour-harmony as one finds in all the rest of Sutherland's paintings. The head and hands, in particular, are drawn with a precision and a selective economy that have no parallel in modern portraiture.

It would be a pity if, on the strength of this *tour de force*, Sutherland were to turn himself into a portrait painter. He has more important things to do, and he has already done more important things. But it would also be a pity if this combination of sympathetic humanism, biting colour and solid draughtsmanship did not provide a new springboard for whatever he plans to do in the future. By proving that the modern world need not be shattered to bits in order to remould it to the modern eye's desire, Sutherland has vastly increased his own potentialities. One now sees the anguished

Deposition, which is the second most important exhibit, and the study of the weeping Magdalen, in a new light. To have returned to humanism without borrowing from Raphael or denying the aesthetic of the mid-twentieth century is a big achievement.

The Seventh Annual Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music will be held from July 2-14. Among those taking part are the Hallé Orchestra, Boyd Neel Orchestra, the London Wind Players, the Griller String Quartet, London Symphony Orchestra and the English Opera Group. 'As You Like It' will be performed in the open air and an architectural exhibition has been arranged by the Gloucestershire Architectural Association, with particular emphasis on Regency style. Further details may be obtained from the Festival Organiser, Town Hall, Cheltenham.



'W. Somerset Maugham', by Graham Sutherland, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts



# Composts and the Amateur Gardener

By J. NEWELL

**I**F your seeds do not germinate and your plants will not grow properly the seedsman is not always to blame. Your methods of growing may be wrong. The most frequent cause of failure is said to be lack of experience, but this is not quite true. Luckily there are better and more certain ways of learning. They are by the study of planned experiments. And that is the way we do our growing at the John Innes Institution. Experiments show clearly that by standardising our materials and methods we can make growing a much less hazardous business. And standardisation makes your results certain.

The John Innes composts—there are only two—are used to grow everything from large fruit trees in pots to begonias for bedding. You will agree that this makes growing more simple. The John Innes composts differ from other composts only in one way. The materials used are much the same, except that they are carefully measured and weighed. So I claim we replace haphazard guesswork, so often thought good enough, with scientific method. Amateur gardeners can make up the composts quite easily. The principles of good husbandry are the same whether you garden outdoors or in a flower pot. Broadly, there are only three things to consider. First, soil texture; secondly, nutrient condition; and, thirdly, cleanliness of the soil, which is necessary to prevent damage from pests or anything else which might compete with the growth of the plant. Good texture depends on mixing together the right amounts of loam, organic matter, and sand. You get your correct nutrient status by using fertilisers of known analysis, and partial sterilisation will clean up the soil. Three things only, easy to remember, and just as easy to put into practice—get them right, standardise them, and your compost will be right. It will grow anything, and grow it well.

I cannot deal fully with these questions now, but here are the points of greatest importance. First, get the basic materials right. Select a medium-heavy loam and stack it carefully. If the loam is acid it may be necessary to add some chalk. You can only tell the exact amount by testing. This is important. We like our loam to be slightly on the acid side. The best source of organic matter is moss or sedge peat. Nothing else will regulate moisture in the same way. And remember, peat is a standard product. You cannot rely on other sources of organic matter such as leaf mould. They vary, and we must remove variables if standardisation is to mean anything. Coarse sand or grit must also be used to give free drainage. Good texture—our first essential—is assured by mixing these three basic materials in the right proportions.

What about nutrients? In a seed soil you will need superphosphate and chalk. Never leave them out. For potting composts use the John Innes base fertiliser. This complete balanced food was specially designed for this purpose, and experiments and practice have proved its value. Balance is the operative word. Get that right and it becomes easy to suit the needs of any particular plant—or growing condition—simply by adjusting the amount of base in the compost.

These are the principles we work to. Texture and nutrients present little difficulty. Cleaning up the soil, however, may. Of the five ingredients we use, peat, sand, fertilisers and chalk need never worry you. They are clean. But loam is suspect and should be partially sterilised. The domestic copper makes quite an efficient steriliser if the loam is dry and sieved.

Generally speaking, you cannot do better than to use the John Innes seed compost for all types of seeds, and for cuttings of such plants as dahlias and chrysanthemums. When potting-off plants into small pots or boxes, use four ounces of the base fertiliser to each bushel of the potting mixture. For a second potting use double this amount, and if you grow tomatoes or chrysanthemums in big pots, treble the quantity. To each four ounces of the base fertiliser remember to add three-quarters of an ounce of chalk.

Finally, I should like to repeat the main difference between the John Innes composts and other composts. It is just this: we insist on a specification of the materials and on accurately measuring and weighing them instead of using odd pot-fulls and barrow-loads. Replace your guesswork by scientific method. The finished article can then be produced again and again, and your results can be guaranteed. Here is the formula for John Innes seed compost:

2 parts sterilised medium-heavy loam

1 part moss or sedge peat

1 part coarse sand

To every bushel of the mixture, add:

1½ oz. of superphosphate

¼ oz. of ground chalk

The formula for a bushel of John Innes potting compost is:

7 parts sterilised medium-heavy loam

3 parts moss or sedge peat

2 parts coarse sand

To which we add 4, 8, or 12 oz. of John Innes base fertiliser and 1½, 3, or 4½ oz. of chalk, according to the needs of the plant.—*Home Service*

## Planning in Yugoslavia

(continued from page 606)

judgment are being applied at this moment to large-scale colour harmony and to skyline problems of reconstructed buildings on the hill.

In the war the Yugoslavs suffered the loss of 2,000,000 of their people, the slaughter or pillage of most of their livestock, the ruin of roads, railways and rolling-stock and considerable damage by air attack to buildings both in town and countryside. Yet in addition to the repair of such damage they have undertaken the reorganisation of the entire life of the country, and, whether or not you approve of the basis of it, there is no doubt they have made great strides in education, medical and social services and public works as well as industrialisation, electrification and the construction of new roads and railways. It seems to me a sign of the extraordinary vitality of these people that their architects and planners have achieved so much in spite of the fact that a communist regime does not rate these technicians as highly as one of the new privileged classes, such as the party member, the secret police or the industrialised peasant. As there is no private business of any kind all such specialists are upon government salary and the salary is extremely low—too low indeed to live upon, and many of them are compelled to work long hours of overtime.

One would have hoped that a country beginning its era of mechanical industry would learn much from the appalling results of no-planning in the rest of Europe. But it seems that each country must make the same mistakes for itself before the lessons are learnt. I found a certain naive assumption that it would be simple in Yugoslavia to arrest the growth of towns and major industries where it has not been possible to achieve this in capitalist countries—I wonder. It seems impossible for a country possessing no major road traffic problems, in spite of all the evidence elsewhere, to forecast and forestall the difficulties that surely will arise. Likewise with those intricate problems that perplex us: the size, type and treatment of shopping areas and their relationship to traffic; the complex difficulties of high density commercial areas and the control of standards of light and coverage—these future problems have not yet occupied the attention of the Yugoslavs. It seemed strange that Zagreb should be laying out an extensive tramway system for the new town at a time when we are abandoning trams in this country.

For our part, I think we might take a leaf out of their book and try to persuade the powers that be to let small groups of skilful and imaginative designers try out their hand with studies, sketches and perhaps models, to show how our special precincts could be redeveloped and improved with dignity and beauty, and without damage to the genius of the place—as for example at Westminster, where so far we have manifestly failed in this respect; and in the Mall, where we are about to blunder also.

The Yugoslavs, on their side, might gain from discussions with us upon the complexities of our great urban centres and upon legislative matters; and so save themselves the muddle which has given us our problems. Each country could with profit borrow from the other, if the politicians will give us peace and time enough.—*Third Programme*



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Where the Church of England Stands

Sir,—I am very grateful to Dr. N. H. Baynes for his letter published in THE LISTENER of April 12, for the passage in my own talk on which he commented does need to be developed.

But first I must explain why I did not name Bishop Hensley Henson. There are many ways in which I could have approached my subject. I could for example have dealt with the Church of England and the nation, and then Hensley Henson's name would have been inevitable. But I chose to speak primarily of the Church of England and biblical theology: and the period with which I was concerned was from 1920—though admittedly the theology of the last thirty years cannot be understood except in the light of previous work. But I note that the quotations that Dr. Baynes makes are, so far as he dates them, from Hensley Henson's writings prior to 1910. No, I do not think that for the period after 1920 I should have named Hensley Henson as a major influence on biblical theology.

The main point is my sentence: 'The Bible has become the exclusive province of the trained theologian, and in consequence an almost closed book to the devout layman'. The situation that I described is one that I deplore: but I believe that it exists despite all the books of popularisation that have been published. In the days of our forefathers the devout layman could read his Bible from Genesis to Revelation, chapter by chapter to his soul's profit. Today he needs to have read and studied such a book as R. H. Pfeiffer's *Introduction to the Old Testament* before he knows how to begin to read the Old Testament. This is a formidable demand to make of the man in the pew. And having read Pfeiffer he still needs theological guidance. Fr. Hebert's *Throne of David* was an attempt to meet this need. I should agree that the book is open to serious criticism. But it did ask Old Testament scholars to face their final, and thus far neglected, theological task.

A similar problem faces the layman with regard to the reading of the New Testament. He can and probably will use William Temple's *Readings in St. John's Gospel*: but nothing comparable has been done in English for other New Testament books. No doubt more theological commentaries of the type of William Temple's book will be written. But the situation remains that it has become very difficult for the devout layman to go direct to the text of the Bible as once he was able to do. His problem is that of the Ethiopian eunuch—'Understandest thou what thou readest?' 'How can I, except someone shall guide me?' And today that guidance does involve a formidable prolegomenon. To those willing to undertake the task the door is open: but my sympathies are with those who lack the ability, the time, or the energy to undertake the task. The situation may become easier once the modern theological approach has become common knowledge. But that day is not yet.—Yours, etc.,  
Birmingham J. O. COBHAM

## By What Values?

Sir,—May I ask Air Commodore J. D. Boyle when any man entitled to speak for this country has attempted to tamper with the wording of the Sermon on the Mount, as Hitler did, or to denounce all religions, as did Lenin? But men of our race are notoriously diffident about speaking of the deepest things in life, and nothing,

I believe, tends to harden them more than the adoption of a censorious attitude towards them on the question of religion. If one looks for the good in them, I believe we rarely fail to find it in some measure, and surely in doing so we may do something, however small, to develop it?

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

KATHARINE ATHOLL

Sir,—The suggestion made by the Duchess of Atholl and Robert Russell that sermons of great preachers of the past be read in service, reveals a profound ignorance of the nature and purpose of preaching.

Philip Brooks' succinct definition of preaching is 'Truth plus personality'. It is an easy matter to talk truth, and, of course, to talk irrelevant nonsense in service, but it is the personality, or the measure of the preacher's personal devotion to Jesus Christ, which transforms the truth into a great sermon. The reading of 'great sermons' in service, by men whose devotion is slight, will lead to the falseness which is obvious in the use of the Prayer Book. The purpose of preaching is to plant and mature spiritual life. The cause and cure of the inability of most parsons to preach is thus very obvious.—Yours, etc.,  
Redditch

CYRIL GOVIER

## Can India's Millions be Fed?

Sir,—In Dr. O. H. K. Spate's talk 'Can India's Millions be Fed?' (published in THE LISTENER of April 12) there was one glaring omission; there was no plea for the introduction of birth control. Without it India's problem is insoluble; doubling the food supply will result only in the doubling of the population at the same pitiful standard of living. This is a fact which must be known to many. Why, then, is it ignored? Why is not birth control knowledge vigorously promulgated? Why is it scarcely mentioned in the publications of the United Nations bodies concerned with world health and food supplies? It is, I believe, because plans for improving agriculture, cultivating the wasteland and providing medical facilities appeal to the misguided and short-sighted kindness of the world at large, which is unable to see that these measures, unless accompanied by population control, are worse than useless. Anyone who advocates birth control, however, meets with strong religious opposition, not least from the Roman Catholic Church. Hence the attitude of the United Nations, which has a large Catholic membership.

It is, I suggest, the duty of this country to give a lead to those in India's predicament. We have territories suffering from over-population, such as Jamaica, under our control; there is probably less opposition to birth control in this country than in any other; and we have a proud tradition of pioneering humanitarian movements.

Yours, etc.,

Headington

J. H. MERCER

## Einstein and the Ether

Sir,—In his letter Mr. C. H. Buck quoted a statement by Professor Einstein published in 1920, in which he thinks the Professor discarded the theory of the luminiferous ether. He also thinks that I have failed to understand the modification of the ether theory which he supposes was brought about by Einstein's theory of relativity. If so, then I am in good company.

Five years after Einstein made the statement

quoted by Mr. Buck, Sir Oliver Lodge published his book entitled *Ether and Reality*, in which he claimed the ether to be a very substantial substance; far more substantial than any form of matter. With a full knowledge of Einstein's work on relativity, Sir Oliver Lodge quoted him in support of his orthodox theory of the ether. Did Sir Oliver also fail to understand Einstein?

Surely there is nothing too difficult to grasp in the following statement taken from Einstein's *Sidelights on Relativity*:

According to the general theory of relativity space without ether is unthinkable; for in such space there would be no propagation of light.

If such language does not express a belief in the luminiferous ether, then words have no meaning. At the same time, it must be recognised that no satisfactory definition of the ether has yet become available, and it would be a great thing if Professor Einstein could oblige.

However, all scientists of repute are agreed that one body could not exert any influence upon another body, if space were a vacuum. Therefore it is full of something; call it ether, energy, gravitational force, or what you will. Scientists, like theologians, belong to different schools of thought, and consequently hold conflicting views; but all agree that there is a great deal more to learn about the mysterious content of all space. The key to the mystery seems to be linked to three factors, namely, uniformity, elasticity, and equilibrium. The idea that space is just brimful of gravitational force has not yet been fully examined; but the theory that gravity has the same speed as light is very suggestive.

A curious thing about Mr. Buck's letter is, that he ascribes physical qualities to length and breadth, and similar dimensions. Surely these are only mental concepts, and are as devoid of physical qualities as the lines of latitude and longitude. To astronomers, and other physicists, calculating systems are essential, but they occupy no space, nor have they any rightful influence in a discussion about a medium so far impossible of measurement in a material sense. Is it possible that Mr. Buck is, himself, a materialist?

In conclusion, I think it would be most helpful if his group, representing the younger and newer school of scientists, would come out into the open, and define in simple and forthright language a few things about which they are rather vague. What is the means by which each particle, constituting an object is kept from actual contact with its neighbouring particles? What are the attractive and repulsive forces which enable such an object to retain its shape? What is the new theory about the transmission of terrestrial and celestial electromagnetic waves, required by the dismissal of the ether? Of course, those of us who claim to be orthodox, already have well-known views upon these matters.—Yours, etc.,  
Letchworth

JOHN CROMWELL

## Colonial University Colleges

Sir,—In THE LISTENER dated April 5, Sir William Hamilton Fyfe pays tribute to the part played by London University in the development of Colonial University Colleges, with especial reference to the University Colleges of West Africa, and to the most famous of these, Achimota on the Gold Coast. He did not give credit to any individual in the development of that college, the first of the new foundations.

Its debt, and that of those which have followed it, to its founder, the late Sir Gordon



Guggisberg, and to its Principal, the Rev. A. G. Fraser, C.B.E., M.A., have been widely acknowledged. Yet Achimota began in 1926 as a kindergarten, taking infants from the age of four years, and would never have developed beyond the secondary school at first envisaged had it not been for the life-work of the late Sir Ernest Graham-Little, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., M.P. for London University until the abolition of the University franchise, and Chairman of the External Council of London University from 1922 until his retirement in 1946. Sir Ernest had been a Member of that Council since 1906. All his life, he believed in the right of any child, no matter what its sex, creed or nationality, to the very highest education which it was capable of attaining.

Two years after he became Chairman of the External Council, Sir Ernest accepted the invitation of the Graduates Association of the University of London to stand for Parliament at a by-election then pending. He did so with the pledged intention of opposing the abolition of the external side of the University, which had been proposed in the Haldane Report, and approved by all his opponents in the election. Sir Ernest was triumphantly returned to Parliament, and was subsequently re-elected at every election.

Had not Sir Ernest Graham-Little taken on that fight and won it, Achimota would not have been able in 1934 to apply for recognition as a school of London University on the external side. Achimota's debt—and with it the debt of all similar institutions—is its debt to Sir Ernest Graham-Little.

His interest was more than a merely abstract one. In Parliament and out, in the press and on the platform, he worked assiduously for the College. His correspondence with the Principal, the Rev. Mr. Fraser, is a permanent record of his service to the cause of colonial education.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.3 J. DILLON MACCARTHY

### The Changing Theatre

Sir,—Whilst thanking Mr. Hamilton Fyfe for his letter, and its kind remarks, published in THE LISTENER of April 12, I should like to point out that neither in the broadcast discussion nor in my own talk did I say that the form of drama was changing—I said the method of its presentation had done so. With that I am sure Mr. Fyfe will agree. In articles and in my Overseas theatre talks, I have pointed out, as he does so rightly, the similarity between 'Cocktail Party' and 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back'. That play just goes to prove my point. In the older play the pivotal point was the Christ Figure, so beautifully played by Forbes Robertson. In Mr. Eliot's play it is a psychiatrist. The treatment of course was entirely different—but the basic idea and message were the same.

As regards poetic plays, it was my young 'opponents' in the broadcast discussion, not I, who claimed these as new. The poetic play and the play in verse have always been with us. Mr. Fyfe pays tribute to Clo Graves and to my friend Rudolf Besier: the play he means of Besier's was 'The Virgin Goddess', produced at the Adelphi in 1907. But I am sure he will also recall the lovely works of Stephen Phillips and also Flecker's 'Hassan', shortly to be revived.

I agree with Hamilton Fyfe that the drama does not change—but nevertheless the methods of presentation, of staging and especially of acting, do so. That alteration is dictated by public taste.

As I stated in my broadcast, changes in the theatre always come from the outside and never from within. And as I also stated, the theatre has changed, basically, less than anything else in the last fifty years.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2 W. MACQUEEN-POPE

### Gramophone Recordings

Sir,—With reference to the correspondence in this matter, Mr. George Coombs, in THE LISTENER of April 12, appears to be drawing a red-herring across the subject of Dr. J. L. Burn's complaint mentioned in your previous issue.

That complaint was not against records *per se* but against the B.B.C. for running the records at incorrect speed when broadcasting them. Assuming, as should be the case, that records are rotated during reproduction at the same speed as was the original when the record was being made, then the pitch of the music as reproduced must of necessity be the same as the pitch of the music as played during the making of the record. If the pitch of the music as reproduced by a gramophone be not correct, it is the performer making the record who is at fault—not the record.

Modern English pitch (A 439) is almost the same as French pitch (A 435) at the time of Chopin; consequently the latter probably conceived music at that pitch. Handel worked with a pitch of A 422 and his music is probably now played about a semitone sharp. The pitch of Bach's day varied somewhat but was probably about 2 or 3 semitones *higher* than the present English pitch.

Regarding Bach organ music, compare recordings of the Pasacaglia and Fugue in C minor as made on a modern English organ by Germani on H.M.V. C3866/7 and on an old German organ by Geraint Jones on H.M.V. C7790/1. The latter is at a considerably higher pitch than the former and probably approximates more nearly to Bach's original.

Yours, etc.,

Halifax JOHN WILSON

### Indian Paintings

Sir,—It is a pleasure to see a page devoted to Indian Painting; though we have not yet arrived at an exposition of the basic Hindu concept that a painting is energised in rhythm that is learned in ritual dance and music.

It is true that 'dating' is extremely hazardous; and must, as Mr. Watson indicates, be helped by reference to technical factors. Some years back in Lucknow I had the opportunity of visiting a modest studio occupied by a very retiring guild of five artists. The leader came from another such, behind Chandni Chowk in Delhi. They desired help on problems of paper.

In Havell's first volume *Indian Sculpture and Painting* (1908, Murray) there is an Appendix; it details the traditional process of fresco; also data on miniature painting. This makes it clear that the work on paper is a slightly revised process of the *chunām* work on brick or plaster. The *chūna* (lime) differs from Italian work, in that it has sugar (*gur*) mixed in; though I believe honey was sometimes used in Florence. The effect is to harden the white ground, allowing it to be polished with agate burnishers. This burnishing was essential for mural painting; it was copied in paper painting, on bamboo, jute and cotton papers, where it was more essential to provide a smooth ground for the 'one-hair' painting.

This Lucknow guild used similar methods, on foreign imported paper of good quality, as well as rougher native products. They produced work by the *bottega* method; one man traced the outlines, another filled in backgrounds; another added scenic effects, and the last completed the hands and faces. Many of the drawings were obviously copies of copies.

By the summary 'drawing' one can sometimes detect such copies; they are not made as 'forgeries' though probably some Chowk dealers would not refrain from piling up the rupees. The Krishna painting reproduced is possibly a

work done with astrological significance. A real help is found in the later use of foreign synthetic pigments in these modern versions, even when native paper is used. To move towards the desired consummation of a real Museum of Indian Art, some wider exposition of the themes of Indian art would help in rousing a genuine public interest.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.7

W. G. RAFFÉ

### B.B.C. and the Personal Pronoun

Sir,—Mr. Bridgewater raises an interesting question but I am by no means sure that he has proved his case. Since 'which' has no simple possessive form there is frequently a temptation to use 'whose' in reference to inanimate objects and in the example he has chosen there is a positive need to do so. I should like to know what form of 'which' he would substitute for 'whose' in the following sentence: 'Aston Villa, whose performance in recent matches has been excellent, are now at the top of their division'.

Yours, etc.,

Epsom

A. H. DEGENHARDT

Sir,—I was interested in the objection raised by your correspondent Mr. H. Bridgewater to the B.B.C.'s use of relative pronouns. May I suggest that this increasing practice, not only on the part of the B.B.C. but people generally is a reaction to the present tendency to think of individuals as part of the more important group, instead of thinking of groups being composed of the more important individuals?

May I applaud the B.B.C. on their subtle 'misuse' of these pronouns and suggest that they should continue with: 'Aston Villa, who won their away match, are now at the top of their division'.—Yours, etc.,

Bexleyheath

J. L. TILLERAY

Sir,—H. Bridgewater of Sutton bases his argument on a false premise. A football club is not an 'inanimate object', except in the sense of a business company, or a club with its own rules and regulations, with which neither the B.B.C. nor the football enthusiast is concerned when football results are given out. To those so interested, the club is thought of as a team of players, a body of persons. The application of the personal pronoun is therefore correct.

Shall a person say: 'What [or which] won the Cup Final?' when what he means is who won the Cup Final? When John Snagge says of Cambridge: 'they are under Barnes Bridge', must he be reminded that he is referring to a rowing club and therefore say, instead, 'It is under Barnes Bridge'?—Yours, etc.,

Hereford

GORDON VENNING

### Makin' a Dictionar

Sir,—In his talk, 'Makin' a Dictionar' (THE LISTENER, April 12) Mr. Ivor Brown states that he always thought the word 'werch' meant bitter. In my experience 'werch' means 'tasteless'. For example, unseasoned food would be described by many people as 'werch'.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

F. SUMMERS

### 'The Fair Queen of Wu'

Sir,—It is credible that Hsi-Shih committed no solecism by wearing a coat embroidered with dragons. In a book published in Peiping entitled *A Sketch of Chinese Arts and Crafts* by Hilda Arthurs Strong, it is stated (pp. 67-68):

The Phoenix . . . was the emblem of the Emperors before the dragon was adopted for that high honour.

Possibly therefore prior to the change no impropriety was perpetrated by the use on a woman's garment of the dragon decoration.

Yours, etc.,

Upper Warlingham

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# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Hitler Directs his War.** Edited by Felix Gilbert. Oxford. 20s.

**Hitler's Interpreter.** By Paul Schmidt. Heinemann. 15s.

**Ten Days to Die.** By Michael A. Musmanno. Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.

**Goering.** By Willi Frischauer. Odhams. 12s. 6d.

ONE OF HITLER'S PLANS that never came to anything was the idea of prolonging the war by a last stand in the 'Alpine Redoubt'. As late as the middle of April 1945 preparations were still being made to carry this out, and among the files sent from Berlin to Berchtesgaden was a complete set of the minutes of Hitler's military conferences from 1942 to 1945. Altogether, they filled more than 200,000 pages. Both the other copies of these minutes known to have existed are believed to have been destroyed: the fragments of this third copy, rescued by a sharp American Intelligence Officer from the pit near Berchtesgaden in which they had been burned by S.S. troops after the capitulation, have been collected and printed in Professor Gilbert's book.

Records of fifty-one conferences, varying in completeness from a full copy to a few charred pages, and ranging in date from December 1942 to March 1945, have been recovered. Their value lies in the fact that they are not just reports, but literal, verbatim transcripts of everything that was said, taken down by a team of stenographers who helped to find and piece together what was recovered. Nothing very new about the events of the war comes out. What is fascinating is the light thrown on the relationship between Hitler and his commanders. Nowhere has his mastery over his generals been more convincingly demonstrated than in his conference with Field-Marshal von Kluge in July 1943, while every page illustrates more clearly than anything yet published the strength and the weakness of Hitler's gifts in the direction of the war. This is a rare find, and the skill and care with which the records have been edited by Professor Gilbert add much to the value of the book.

*Hitler's Interpreter* is a much abridged translation of Dr. Schmidt's *Statist auf diplomatischer Bühne*. Both abridgement and translation have been done with skill, but a great deal of the interest of the original has been lost. While the record of the conferences Schmidt attended between 1935 and 1945 is complete, the self-portrait of a man who spent nearly twenty years of his life in and out of conference rooms, interpreting with equal fluency for Stresemann or Hitler, Brüning or Ribbentrop, is attenuated and blurred. To Dr. Schmidt it was all in the line of duty. He makes all the right comments; in retrospect is shocked at all the right places; and, with the same conviction as every other German who has published his memoirs, disclaims any sympathy with all that happened in Germany between 1933 and 1945. But the impression left on the reader is of a superficial observer who never cared to look much below the surface of the events or conversations in which he took part. Only when he describes the intolerable Ribbentrop does real dislike put an edge on his writing; for the rest, it has both the accuracy and the impersonality of the perfect interpreter.

The other two books are much poorer stuff. The opening chapters of Mr. Musmanno's book deserve a certain immortality for the unique quality of their style:

Berlin is a jungle of fire, a sea of wreckage,

a madhouse of torment; it is a purgatory, a cemetery, a snake pit; it is a city of the lost and the damned. But within this hot desert of death, mutilation, starvation and thirst, there is one oasis of comfort and security—with food and drink in cornucopian abundance. Although the yellow tongues of war lick at its doorstep, it is as remote from the whirling nightmare of the embattled city as a cottage by the sea. In this underground caravanserai lives the ruler of the Nazi empire—Adolf Hitler. With the beautiful Eva Braun.

As the Americans themselves say, Mr. Musmanno's book has everything. The odd thing is the amount of hard work which the author—an American Judge who acted as Naval Observer at the Nuremberg Trials and later presided over subsequent trials of war criminals—must have put into his researches. He spent three years interviewing hundreds of Germans, collecting twenty volumes of evidence and carrying out 'an exhaustive investigation into every fact and circumstance surrounding Hitler's disappearance'. The result of all this is to add virtually nothing to the account already given by Mr. Trevor-Roper in *The Last Days of Hitler*. If ever a book were superfluous, it is Mr. Musmanno's.

The same cannot be said about a life of Goering. There is certainly a book still to be written about Goering, but Mr. Frischauer has not written it. Like Judge Musmanno, Mr. Frischauer went to Germany and talked to those who knew Goering, his wife, his valet, and his Luftwaffe generals. But the result is again disappointing, and the author's sketchy account of the rise of the Nazis does not cover the gaps in an undistinguished book.

Both Mr. Musmanno and Mr. Frischauer have been too impressed by the dramatic quality of the events they describe. The truth is that the history of the Third Reich was so crude, garish and sensational in itself, that the imitation of these qualities in telling it only detracts from the authority of the account.

## Louis Pasteur: Free Lance of Science

By René J. Dubos. Gollancz. 18s.

Pasteur's work has had a greater effect on the lives of ordinary men and women than that of any other biologist. Darwin's discoveries exerted a great influence on human thought but not on human life. Originally interested in the more abstract side of biology Pasteur was forced by circumstances to focus his attention on practical problems, with immediate benefit to a great many of his countrymen. He investigated fermentation for the French wine industry, anthrax and fowl cholera for the farmers, and silkworm disease for the silk industry in the south of France. Having established the fact that all the animal diseases which he had been called upon to investigate were due to infection by minute living organisms, he was induced to embark on a still more important project, the cause of infectious and contagious diseases in human beings. Puerperal fever, cholera, boils, septicaemia, and that most difficult of all illnesses to tackle, rabies, came under his purview. Having proved that they also were the result of microbial infection he set out to investigate a problem of enormous complexity, the acquirement of immunity against disease. In the course of studying this he proved the value of vaccine therapy. It is astonishing what one man was able to achieve with a primitive microscope, simple broth culture-tubes, a genius for devising the

right type of experiment and a tireless devotion to science.

Dr. René Dubos' book is an account of Pasteur's work rather than of the man himself. He is seen as a shadowy figure moving in the background and becoming a little more clearly defined in the final chapter in which the author gives an account of Pasteur's philosophical and religious ideas. But although Pasteur was an interesting character, it is his method of working and his superb skill in planning experiments that are of chief importance to the reader. These are described with great ability by a man who has himself made important discoveries in the field in which Pasteur so excelled, namely, bacteriology. No writer without this expert knowledge could have given such an excellent account of the method of working employed by a scientific genius. This book would indeed be worth reading on the score alone, that it explains so clearly to the non-scientific reader exactly how scientific progress is made. But fortunately Dr. Dubos possesses a qualification for authorship other than his expert knowledge of bacteriology, a qualification which is by no means common to all scientific authors. He has a feeling for words and he writes in excellent English. No better evaluation of the theoretical and practical importance of Pasteur's contribution to science, and to the world, has been, or is ever likely to be, given.

## Antony and Cleopatra. By William Shakespeare. Edited by John Dover Wilson. Cambridge. 12s. 6d.

'Antony and Cleopatra' is not a difficult play to edit. The text, which depends solely from the First Folio, is a good one with scarcely a crux or obscurity, and it is all but certain that its printers had Shakespeare's manuscript before them. Dr. Wilson proposed this in 1929, in his introduction to the facsimile reprint of the play, and Dr. Greg, in *The Editorial Problem* (1942), agreed with him. The editor of the New Cambridge Shakespeare, which has always been exploratory rather than definitive, finds little room here for brilliant conjecture. There are no 'layers' in 'Antony' like those he ingeniously unearthed in 'Measure for Measure'; the date of the play, 1606-7, is firmly established; and its sources lie plain before us. The most important of Dr. Wilson's new suggestions is that in the first Monument scene (Act IV, Scene 15) there are to be found possible traces of a prompter's hand. He bases this theory on the repeated line

I am dying, Egypt, dying

and on the redundancy of Cleopatra's

Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe: helpe Friends  
Below, let's draw him hither

in the light of Antony's request for the door to be opened, and of

Helpe me my women, we must draw thee up:  
Assist good Friends

a little later. Dr. Wilson deduces a proposal for a cut, lines 13-31, possibly by Shakespeare himself, for which indications were made perhaps in the margin of the author's draft. All this seems rather unnecessary. The repetition of 'I am dying, Egypt, dying' is extremely moving in effect, and needs no explaining away. The execution of Cleopatra's command is delayed by Antony's proud rebuke ('Peace, Not Caesar's valour' . . . etc.), so that after refusing the dying Antony's natural request to be admitted in the normal way, she is obliged to repeat it.

But if 'Antony' is an easy play to edit, it is



a very difficult play to write about. The older critics expressed themselves with extreme caution. What could be more guarded than Coleridge:

The highest praise, or rather form of praise, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me whether the *Antony and Cleopatra* is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and maturity, a formidable rival of *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

Hazlitt said: 'This is a very noble play. Though not in the first class of Shakespeare's productions, it stands next to them. . . . The character of Cleopatra is a masterpiece. What an extreme contrast it affords to Imogen!' (Which is about as percipient as the famous remark: 'How different, my dear, how very different from the home life of our beloved queen.') Quiller-Couch and Granville-Barker came right out for the play, but later writers are still over-concerned to classify it. Lord David Cecil, in an essay more remarkable for exquisite appreciation than for clear thinking, proclaims it 'the single unique example of its species', but then tries to show that it is an historical drama with the interest 'largely political'. Dr. Wilson demolishes Lord David, but even he seems not quite sure what to make of 'Antony'. After drawing attention to its 'coolness and sobriety of atmosphere'—which seems extraordinary—he refers to its 'romantic richness of style and exuberance of form greater than are to be found in any other play of Shakespeare's'.

It is hard to make general *aperçus* about 'Antony' which are acceptable. What Dr. Wilson does most admirably in his short introduction is to invite observation of the play from three or four new and revealing aspects. 'Antony, not Julius Caesar', he suggests, 'is Shakespeare's portrait of true greatness'. Of the virtues listed in Elyot's *Boke named The Governour* he lacks only the less sympathetic ones—continence, sobriety, and political sapience. After showing us the 'peerless pair' standing against the most splendid panorama any poet has painted, which compared to them is 'dung', Dr. Wilson relates them to the Jacobean world-picture; 'behind both Donne and this play may be felt the sudden lifting of the medieval horizon, revealing continents of unknown limits lying west and south of Europe, and a starry universe which the mathematicians of the seventeenth century were only beginning to explore'.

### The Mind at Work and Play

By Sir Frederic Bartlett.

Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

If one were to consider what scientific disciplines would provide instructive entertainment to a 'juvenile auditory' assembled in the Christmas holidays at the Royal Institute, Experimental Psychology would hardly be likely to figure on one's list. If it is thought of at all, it is thought of as a dreary round of reaction-time studies, useless learnings of nonsense-syllables and such-like trifles. Even rats running mazes are more inspiring.

No one who has read Sir Frederic Bartlett's lectures, given at the Royal Institute in 1948, can any longer take so dim a view. They are fascinating, full of experiments that anyone can do, and all of them having some practical application. The general theme of the book is given in the following words: 'The mind does not seem to be able to deal satisfactorily with isolated magnitudes, disconnected items of bodily movement, single sets of sensory qualities, or events of any kind taken entirely by themselves. Its great function is to deal with these when they leave a gap, and it cannot fill up the gap satisfactorily . . . unless it can use standards, com-

parisons, and have access to evidence additional to that which is directly contributed on the spot, by the senses'. These principles are illustrated by experiments on movement, measurement, the learning of skills, remembering and thinking, and there are a great many pictures and diagrams which can be used by the reader for experimental purposes. One attraction of the lectures is that they invite the co-operation of all and sundry. There is, as Sir Frederic is constantly reminding us, so much that we do not know, and that any ingenious person can find out for himself.

And the point of it all? This is made clearest in the lectures on body movements and measurement. When we appreciate what the mind and body can do well, we can adapt our instruments and machines accordingly. It is found, for instance, that if a person has some means of checking his performance from time to time he can go on working for very long periods, while if he has no such facilities he may get tired in a comparatively short time. Similarly with education; when we know more about what the mind 'does' when it thinks, and how proficiency in one skill or subject is transferred to another, we can make our teaching methods more efficient.

Psychologists, of course, will be interested and Psychological Laboratories will no doubt take up some of Sir Frederic's problems, but the book is not intended primarily for the professional, it is addressed to everyone interested in the familiar—and therefore less explored—curiosities of their own experience.

### D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence

By Father William Tiverton. Fore-

word by T. S. Eliot. Rockliff. 12s. 6d.

#### D. H. Lawrence

By Anthony West. Barker. 6s.

'We have a number of books about Lawrence by people who knew him; we need books about him by critics who knew him only through his works'. Mr. T. S. Eliot makes this very sensible remark in a Foreword to a book on D. H. Lawrence by an Anglican priest who writes under the name of 'William Tiverton'. Like Byron, Lawrence has suffered from the public interest in his personality. There have been a number of interesting books about his life but, except for the early essay by Dr. F. R. Leavis, now unfortunately out of print, and his more recent study of *Women in Love* in *Scrutiny*, little helpful criticism of his writings. Unfortunately in the same Foreword Mr. Eliot goes on to make remarks about Lawrence's lack of 'ratiocinative powers' and his 'ignorance', which show how even a great critic can be blinded by sectarian prejudice. Father 'William Tiverton's' book is a series of notes rather than a connected piece of criticism. Some of the notes show great insight, especially when they deal with Lawrence as a writer, as in the admirable pages on Lawrence's powers of description. At other times, Father 'Tiverton' seems too eager to show at once that Lawrence misunderstood Christianity and that he was closer to it than is generally believed. The great merit of the book is that it is based on a wide knowledge of Lawrence's writings and that it is full of relevant and well-chosen quotation.

Anthony West's short study in 'The English Novelists Series' is a much more competent and workmanlike piece of writing. The first six chapters are occupied with a useful short biography only marred occasionally by touches of condescension. The last four chapters deal with Lawrence's writings and their main argument is the well-worn theme that Lawrence is not so much a literary artist as 'a prophet' akin to Ruskin and William Morris, and that his great achievement has been to bring a measure of

sanity into the English view of sex-relations. It is perfectly true that Lawrence's influence in this respect has been wide-spread and salutary. As Mr. West writes 'the details of his actual doctrines are blurred and rubbed with usage, partially forgotten, but their vital parts contribute to the living faith of an immense number of people, people who are not the less Lawrentine for not knowing it. Everyone who, worried, by an abnormality of their own or their children's sexual behaviour, treats the thing not as a secret shame but a problem to be discussed frankly with a doctor or psychiatrist is under the influence of Lawrence'. This is true and admirably worded, but it is a pity that Mr. West has failed to appreciate Lawrence's importance as an artist. His seventh chapter contains an extremely acute and valuable examination of the qualities of Lawrence's prose and he admits that Lawrence achieves 'real grandeur' in his short stories. There is however no sign that Mr. West has felt or understood the power or originality of Lawrence's major novels and he believes that 'the end to which Lawrence dedicated his novels was one that was inevitably fatal to him as a novelist'. The really useful study of Lawrence as a great English writer remains to be written.

### Ildebrando Pizzetti. By Guido M. Gatti.

Dennis Dobson. 10s. 6d.

Pizzetti is a slightly odd choice for a book in a series devoted to 'composers who have built the new tradition and techniques in musical composition', though no odder than Rachmaninov who has already appeared in the series. He is contemporary in the sense that he is still alive and active, but a glance at the numerous musical examples would suffice to show that he is hardly contemporary in style or technique. Confronted, unknowing, with those bits of music-type one might guess 'Puccini? No, a little too intellectual. Some less naturally endowed contemporary of Puccini?' Pizzetti is a serious, high-minded musician, of wide culture and by no means ungifted, but his inspiration and his technique are all too seldom adequate for his aspirations. Mr. Gatti's quotation on page 86 from the 'Preghiera per gli innocenti', which figures as the slow movement of the Violin Sonata, demonstrates the point at once. The composer has undoubtedly undergone a profound experience; but he is totally unable to convey that experience in musical terms. It is useless for Mr. Gatti to write

Now the storm is past. The man rediscovers his faith and clings to it with all his strength. The peace which his brothers cannot or will not give him he asks of God, and from his lips there issue the sweetest and most heartfelt words he has uttered since he was a child.

What matters is the music; and, unfortunately for his hero, he has printed the music.

In his chapter on 'The Orchestral Works' Mr. Gatti makes it clear that Pizzetti's aesthetic outlook is no more 'contemporary' than his style.

In the aesthetic theory of Pizzetti 'pure music' is a term devoid of meaning. Indeed, in his revolt against it he employs all the resources of irony ('pure—with nothing in it' was how he described it in his essay on the Italian music of the nineteenth century). The construction of a sonorous edifice, even with the aid of the choicest materials and the most exceptional talent, does not interest him unless behind the facade are human beings that live and move. Signs of this dramatic tendency are to be found in every one of his compositions, even when it is not openly declared. A theme, fragment or chord never has a specifically musical value: it represents the spiritual features and lineaments of a character whom we see and know by a name if the work is intended for the theatre, and whom we can easily imagine in other cases.

The author is undoubtedly right in considering



Pizzetti's stage-work as the heart and centre of all his music. He describes the works category by category very usefully, yet (even so) often fails to tell the reader something he is bound to want to know. For instance, he narrates the very Mussorgskian subject of 'Angeleca', the first of the two 'Liriche drammatiche napoletane' of 1916-18, but fails to tell us how it

stands in relation to Mussorgsky (whose music is certainly well known to Pizzetti). It is not very helpful to be told merely that

with few exceptions lyrical phrases are no longer in evidence, nor could they be in a declamatory piece that consists of short phrases, curtailed by numerous breaks in the rhythm, in which we detect the restless movement of wills bent on

opposite courses of action, and feel them coming into collision and bracing themselves in a continuous exercise of massive power.

The translation, by David Moore, appears to be generally good, but the translator of a book on music ought to know that a string quartet does not include 'second violins' in the plural or a double bass (page 91).

## New Fiction

*Darkness and Day.* By I. Compton-Burnett. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

*The Age of Longing.* By Arthur Koestler. Collins. 12s. 6d.

*Shadows Move Among Them.* By Edgar Mittelhölzer. Peter Nevill. 10s. 6d.

*The Beast of the Haitian Hills.* By P. T. Marcelin and P. Marcelin. Gollancz. 9s. 6d.

THE animating spirit of Miss Compton-Burnett's novels has always been the relentlessness of a combat between the self and those that surround it, a combat in which the weakest go to the wall, though not always for creditable reasons; because, in fact, they are weak, and not because they are good. It is this quality that reminds me of the Icelandic sagas. True, her families do not burn down each other's homesteads. They pay each other visits, and that is usually quite sufficient. In her new novel the visits are still paid and the verbal duels continue—and the date is still about 1894—but the skirmishes have lost much of their brilliance, and there is no lethal result. All the familiar mannerisms are here, but in this writer an inflexible uniformity of mannerism has never quite concealed a marked variation of quality. Her best and worst are superficially the same and yet worlds apart.

Any consideration of this writer's work must lead inevitably to the question of the plot. To me, even in a masterpiece, contrived suspense must remain a fault. It has always pained me to note how Jane Fairfax, in *Emma*, is firmly pinned down by the exigencies of the plot, even though the artfulness of the device is concealed with much art. With Miss Compton-Burnett it had never but once been the case, among the novels of hers that I have read, that passion spins the plot. The exception was *Men and Wives*, and that, or its near companion, *More Women Than Men*, would certainly be included in my own choice of the dozen best novels written in this century. With these exceptions Miss Compton-Burnett's plots have always been contraptions, designed with a sort of skeletal audacity, and with the obvious purpose of spinning the passions.

This is certainly the case with *Darkness and Day*, and the mechanism does not work. The interest of what will happen next seems to have almost nothing to do with the characters as such. And the characters tend to be small replicas of people we have met before in the same milieu. The conversations below stairs have now reached a degree of abstruseness beyond which there can only be silence. Among the people above stairs few are determined and none is formidable, either for wit or character. The plot concerns itself with a confusion of illegitimacies, and with the shadow of unintended incest—not a new theme with this writer, barring the deficiency of intent. The confusion is cleared and the shadow harmlessly passes. During these complications one can take refuge with the children, who are still true to themselves and each other, and, in their unmistakable way, to their governess. Yet even they relent. It seems that the author of their being is relenting. Her admirers should send her a deputation imploring her not, not on any consideration, to become tender-hearted. After such a career of brilliantly uncharitable perspicacity it really would not do.

*The Age of Longing* is situated in Paris in the immediate future. It is Koestler's version of the coming Apocalypse, or of what he expects to precede it. It is a book on a large scale but it does not take long to discover that the voluminous cast of characters can be divided into A and B. A is the larger category and represents the author's mouthpieces; the function of the other category can be guessed. The A characters are very plausibly differentiated, but the Koestleriana which they utter are all too familiar. 'The political psyche of man has its primitive, savage id, and its lofty super-ego'. 'Our species suffers from endemic schizophrenia. . . . If you are an optimist you can believe that some day some biological mutation will cure the race'. 'The bug of longing acts differently on different people. Maybe when you get God out of your system, something goes wrong with your metabolism'. It is all so slick as to be meaningless. The cogs have worn smooth and fail to catch at experience. It is a pity that what was once so smart should now be so stale. His mind has become the victim of its own slickness, and his new novel shows that even despair can be voiced with all the cocksureness of an ace reporter. He skids across the ice of his own too facile conclusions at such a pace that it could only end in disaster.

Though they are seen with a reporter's sureness, the characters are all types; the American spoiled girl, the soviet automaton, the disillusioned intellectual, the neo-nihilist (i.e., existentialist) quack, the soviet Man of Letters, the renegade Marxist—they have all the lifelike quality of good waxworks, prompting a startled recognition, followed by a very different reaction. The novel ends with a highly symbolic funeral, that of M. Hippolyte, an aged hedonist and type of *la vieille France*. In fact he might be Anatole himself without the literature. Two by two in carriages, the principal characters follow the cortege on its conducted tour of Paris, each of them experiencing characteristic reactions, while apocalypse dawns round them. An organised fog is creeping down the channel, and Russian parachutists are descending at the ports. Why does Koestler prophesy the End with such eagerness? Perhaps the answer involves diagnosis rather than literary criticism. Someone has said that disillusion is the result of naivety. It is never so transforming an experience as the subject tends to feel. Koestler clutches his disillusion with the same fervour with which he must once have worshipped the God That Failed. In fact he has never ceased to worship. If the God has become a Demon he is still, to Koestler's mind, all-powerful. And Western Europe, represented by France, a quivering, paralysed victim, waits for the demon to devour it. But perhaps it is not Europe that is longing for the end. Perhaps it is only Mr. Koestler.

*Shadows Move Among Them* is a curious, violent and authentic picture of life on a settle-

ment in the interior jungle of British Guiana, where the author was born. The head of the settlement, a muscular British clergyman, of a naturalistic sect of Christianity which was new to me, copes with the problems of jungle life with the help of discipline, a carefully measured dose of 'dreams and fancies' and carbolic soap. He is ruler, judge and schoolmaster to the community, which is run like a school on modern lines. His children and the natives run loose among the arts, play *Paganini*, read *Penguins*, and seem to know *The Oxford Book of Verse* by heart. Petting and mating are carefully regulated; 'we issue contraceptives free'. The weekly church services consist of musical entertainments and ghost stories. A fourth offence at stealing is punishable by death. To this startling community enters from the outside world one Gregory Hawke, nephew to the clergyman. Gregory is an ominous figure, a modern Hamlet, his spirit broken by service in the Spanish war (the time is 1938) and on the verge of schizophrenia after a wrecking marriage. But his entry does not falsify the picture as it might. His past may be a fake, but his presence in the jungle is real. The author makes the mistake of putting forward his community as a sort of Erewhonian Utopia, recommended out of the mouths of precocious babes, but even this does not break the curious tension and unity of his story. It is rare to meet a style which is neither synthetic nor de-vitalised. Mr. Mittelhölzer's words are rich, and sometimes over-rich with his own inflections. Both the vitality and the quality of his writing are uncommon.

There is no style to recommend *The Beast of the Haitian Hills*, but its authors are again native to what they write about, and quite unexpectedly the story reaches a remarkable pitch of terror and pathos. Dutilleul, a mulatto shopkeeper, fulfils his dream of settling on a plantation in the country, only to find the dream becomes a nightmare. His ignorant, western superiority alienates the Haitian peasants, and he finds himself tightly ringed in by their hatred and fear. Their dubious Christianity is dwarfed by their fear of the old gods. The community of their fear makes it overwhelmingly real, so that it engulfs even the incredulous Dutilleul, who is hunted to death by the local demon he has offended. The book is not so much to be read as a novel as for its authentic and horrifying detail of the twin cults of witchcraft and voodoo religion. The latter incorporates the black mass with the worship of St. Radegund, St. Philomena, and an all-powerful spirit called Baron Samedi, who wears top hat, frock coat and glasses, and who enters into capricious and violent possession of his devotees. The two authors achieve a balance between the view of superstition as a ritual phenomenon and as the obsessive and fatal reality which it is to the natives who cannot escape its spell.

DAVID PAUL



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

## TELEVISION

### A Poor 'Inheritance'

THE OTHER EVENING I saw a singularly unfortunate performance of one of the greatest successes of the present season in Paris. The theatre was a small and famous one on the slopes of Montmartre, and many of the audience came in late, even though it was a quarter past nine before the curtain went up. Those who had taken their seats early were incensed at the noise made by the dilatory, and every time a seat was banged down, there were hisses and groans. On occasion the uproar became so great that I understood easily enough that France is a land of revolutions. The actors on the stage paid heed to it, and there were long pauses in the dialogue, while the leading man regarded the auditorium with a glassy eye. Either the players were put off by the disturbance in the audience, or they were waiting deliberately for the hubbub to subside.

There was no audience at the television performance of Granville-Barker's 'The Voysey Inheritance', but in the opening scene the playing by Mr. David Markham as Edward and (especially) by Mr. Allan Jeayes as old Voysey had the same tentativeness and hesitations. One grew hot and uncomfortable as Mr. Jeayes groped for his words. One would have welcomed a crowd of late-comers to afford some excuse for the lameness of such a start. The scene is, of course, a difficult one, being little more than a statement of Voysey's corrupt balance sheet, full of arbitrary names and figures that have no

logical connection with each other. The reason is all the greater then that it should run smoothly.

From this unhappy beginning the play—one of the finest of the last half-century—never recovered. Innumerable details in the performance were wrong. The leading lady, for example, showed no capacity whatever for making the final words of her speeches audible. Maddeningly her voice dropped at the end of each sentence. That fine actor, Mr. Ivor Barnard, in the part of the elderly client whose insistence on being paid brings the house of Voysey crashing down, got the emphasis on his words in the wrong place. He said, 'I wouldn't trust anybody' as

if he meant he wouldn't trust a single person in the whole world, whereas by throwing his weight on the last word he ought to have indicated that, downy old bird as he was, he wouldn't have trusted anybody but Voysey.

These are small things, but it is out of such small things that a performance is built up, unless one has to deal with one of those magnificent creatures of the stage to whom no rules apply, who do everything wrong, and yet in the end shake the soul. None of these people was about in 'The Voysey Inheritance'.

Mr. Campbell Logan produced the play badly. I have been told by learned characters of the cinema that when D. W. Griffith invented close-ups, he was told that the public, on seeing the screen filled by a huge face, would wonder where the rest of the body had got to. Mr. Logan's use of close-ups justified such fears. In the dining-room scene he turned the camera on each actor as his turn came to speak, with the result that one did really wonder, not where the rest of the body had gone, but in what place the body was situated. Each speaker seemed isolated, talking to himself, an independent being in a disconnected universe. One got no sense whatever of a group of people together in a single room, arguing with each other. The speeches seemed disparate, a collection of irrelevances, a confusing and irritating medley of chance remarks. The humours and the ironies went for nothing, and Edward's silent despair at the chattering table was not seen, since the camera ignored him except on the rare occasions on which he opened his



A performance of Tchaikovsky's Second Piano Concerto, televised on April 5 in the 'Concerto' series of programmes. Mewton-Wood is the soloist and the orchestra is conducted by Eric Robinson



Two scenes from 'The Voysey Inheritance', televised on April 1: left, Allan Jeayes as Mr. Voysey, and David Markham as Edward Voysey; and, right, Louise Hampton as Mrs. Voysey and Molly Rankin as Honor Voysey



mouth. This weakness of production was at the root of the rest of the defects in the performance and was probably responsible for the players' unease.

Mr. David Markham gave a good, honest performance as Edward, getting the mediocrity of the character well enough, but not making much of a shot at the heroism, or the nascent buccaneering spirit. Mr. Michael Hordern as the hectoring Booth had the (in this production) considerable merit of speaking up.

Miss Sally Ann Howes, in her programme with Harry Jacobson, was quite agreeable. Miss Howes has youth and freshness, but is somewhat shrill. What will happen when the youth and freshness have gone? Will the shrillness have gone too? Let us hope so.

HAROLD HOBSON

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Heartbreaking

WITH THE NEW POWER OF the Third we may cure many unfulfilled wishes—be it only to drown, with harpsichords and lutes, the jazz band trumpets of the Light so loud relayed at the 'prefabs' down the road. But we may have also to insist on new and higher standards for the programme itself. How steady is the standard of play performance? I am always being told what marvellous acting one sees on television (can this be true?); and on sound radio I continue to hear some admirable performances. But—nothing will cure me of the habit—I made the mistake of looking forward to the first radio transmission of what is almost my favourite Shaw play—on the very evening when the new transmitter was operating and advertising the highbrow wavelength for the first time; and, I have to admit sadly, I was disappointed. It was not specially bad, I hasten to add, but it was never in any single particular, unless it were John Ruddock's Mazzini Dunn, really good.

Yet the play itself triumphed even after a very shaky start. I said it is nearly my favourite. I will not go further than that. Attempts to put the old master in his place recoil upon the head of a fool. But I make no secret of finding some of Shaw's plays appallingly dull (though never a line of his journalism). The loss is mine. After all, some people find Mozart and Jane Austen dull. But while 'Candida' and 'St. Joan' would bring me back again and again, I feel that the number of times in a week I should wish to sit through, say, 'Village Wooing' or 'Geneva' is strictly limited. Like Miss Patch, I watch with respect and interest but something less than wholehearted approval some of the later cavortings. 'Heartbreak House' contains only a minimum of the (to me) rather tiresome G.B.S., cocking snooks at the purse-proud, meat-gorged English poltroon, who is now, poor fellow, rather a dead donkey to take so hard a beating. And correspondingly there is all the more of the Bernard Shaw who was the infinitely, even morbidly, sensitive human. There is despair; there is even pity. Not all of us after all, it seems, are such fools. It is quite extraordinarily relieving—like the first time you saw a grown-up cry. I find Shotover's headshakings—just because we approach them by way of laughter—go deeper than almost anything else in Shaw. Herbert Farjeon, I recall, thought Shotover the greatest figure of comedy on the English stage since Falstaff—and would it have been much less true to add 'or Lear'? One need not agree, but in this day and age when the rocks are again so close to the ship's keel, one can hardly stop one's ears to that cry 'Learn to steer or be drowned!'

Yet how the fact of hearing the play blind showed up the extreme un-Russianness of this fantasy on English themes in the (then) fashionably new Chekhov manner. This is still,

for all the trappings, a public debating society; ideas are bandied about. Chekhov never bandied an idea in all his drama; it is illusions, moods, self-absorption, in which his poetry deals. Whatever modern Russian interpreters may say, social conscience plays only second fiddle, if that. Whereas 'Heartbreak House' remains aggressively didactic. And rational. 'But how can you love a liar?' cries Ellie. Hesione comes back at once. 'But you can, fortunately. Otherwise there wouldn't be much love in the world'. Beatrix Lehmann did not, I think, do this very humorously; the high spirits of the part were absent and though Elizabeth Henson made a nice Ellie, she too, before the end of the evening, had begun to sound tired and was capable of at least one slightly false accentuation (so easy to do when reading aloud, if you have miscalculated how your interlocutor is going to weight the line previous). Nor was Miss Hervey at all my idea of Lady Utterword. But the chief disappointment was Milton Rosmer's Shotover which lacked the distinction expected of this fine actor. Admittedly some of the captain's best lines fire only with a muffled report when we can't, so to speak, see the target jump: (e.g., 'The great question is', says the target, 'not who we are, but what we are'. At which Shotover roars 'WHAT are you?').

But after all we had a narrator (who even explained Hector's dumb-show to us) and all should have been nearly as enjoyable as a stage performance had it had just a little more attention and style. Between adequate and good in such stuff there is but a hair's breadth. It doesn't help either to hear 'delirium tremens' or even, I think, 'capitalist' in this text.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Three Explorers

LISTENING WEEK BY WEEK to the vast variety of stuff purveyed through my radio-set I sometimes wonder whether, after all, I am a human being or a sort of automatic filing cabinet. Psychology, history, criticism, biography, neurology, an endless supply of 'isms', 'graphies' and 'logies' pour into my ear and each is duly bestowed in the appropriate section of my mind, eventually to emerge (no doubt in more or less garbled forms) in talk or writing as my own ideas.

I may, of course, claim that a real filing cabinet does not garble and that the fact that I do shows some sort of originality, but this consideration hardly increases my self-esteem. A more reassuring reflection is that the mind is not divided into compartments, that fact reacts upon fact, each new bit of knowledge modifies the accumulated store, and the ferment produces new ideas which, whether they are unique or not, are my own.

My views on Pakistan, for instance, previously of an extreme vagueness, are being enlarged and clarified by Julian Duguid's excellent series of talks called 'Five Weeks in Pakistan' which have now reached the third instalment. These talks do not only present his impressions of the India-Pakistan problem as he gathered them on the spot from all sorts and conditions of men; they also give vivid pictures of the country, the people and the conditions of life which greatly enhance the interest and actuality of his account. To carry out this investigation Mr. Duguid travelled 1,000 miles by train and another 6,000 by air.

W. W. Robson, on the other hand, ranged no further, I imagine, than between his chair and his bookshelves in pursuing his exploration of Wordsworth's five 'Lucy' poems which he described in two talks last week. In his first he expressed the view that the literary critic and

the psycho-analyst may fruitfully co-operate in solving some of the problems that present themselves in biography and creative literature. He himself is not a psycho-analyst and the majority of analysts are not trained critics of literature, as one or two of them have abundantly proved in their attempts to turn a psycho-analytic eye upon literature. But Mr. Robson is a very acute critic and the case which he prepared for the analyst in his second talk was extraordinarily interesting and suggestive in the unexpected lights it threw on the problems lurking in Wordsworth's five little poems about 'Lucy'. The first talk, I must confess, disappointed me. No doubt Mr. Robson deliberately used much of it in applying the old-fashioned conventional criticism to the one poem he there dealt with so as to point the startling difference of method he used in the second, but its effect was to send me empty away with little expectation of the good things with which he filled us two days later.

Dr. Russell Brain, President of the Royal College of Physicians, has chosen for his field of exploration the shadowy land of 'Mind and Matter'. In the first of three talks his subject was 'The Intervention of the Nervous System'. This is not familiar ground to the average listener and what he prays for when switching on is a speaker with a clear articulation and an ability to convey his matter in simple and lucid terms, so that his attention may be fixed exclusively on the subject. Dr. Brain has both these qualities to the full, to say nothing of an intelligence which ranges widely beyond his special province. 'Is matter really mental?' 'Is the mind a manifestation of the matter of which the brain is composed?' These were two of the exciting questions raised in his first talk. I anticipate a vigorous reorganisation of the mental filing cabinet.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### 'The Duenna'

ROBERTO GERHARD'S OPERA, 'The Duenna', was first broadcast two years ago and, in spite of the very favourable impression which it then made, it has still to be heard in London, though it is to be performed in Germany this summer. Where operatic managements have shown themselves timid and unenterprising the B.B.C. has done doubly well in giving two broadcast performances in a week. Thanks to the new transmitter the reception of all Third Programme music is enormously improved in my area and the singing of a very well-chosen cast came across full and clear. Martin Lawrence as Don Jerome had a character-part sufficiently resembling the Don Pasquale by which he made his name, and Otakar Kraus' slight, natural foreign accent—such as Sheridan's Portuguese Jew would have had in speaking Spanish—enhanced the effect of his very fine voice and bone-dramatic singing. These two elderly gentlemen and the duenna, sung with great dramatic vigour, but not caricatured, by Edith Coates, carry the chief weight of the music; but of the two pairs of young lovers Max Worthley's Don Antonio was a fine piece of singing and Victoria Sladen's Donna Louisa efficient if not very sympathetic. The music is full of lively invention, especially in the dialogue and ensembles (I found Louisa's reflections at the opening of Act 2 scene 2 rather long) and the orchestral interludes (especially the march ushering the three pairs of lovers to the altar in Act 3) wholly delightful. Roberto Gerhard has surely achieved Falla's ideal—the creation of a style, personal yet distinguishably national, by the study and complete assimilation of folk-song rhythms and melodies. The concerted number at the end of Act 2 and, supremely, the finale of the whole work suggest



a happy balance between a truly vocal style and the dance-rhythms which give so much Spanish music the air of embryonic ballet.

The story demands stage action, of course. Any drama of mistaken identities depends more than any other on visual representation for its full effect; and I find it strange that composers today choose to make use of this particular legacy of the operatic past. Prokofiev's opera on the same subject, 'Betrothal in a Monastery', is an obvious next choice for the B.B.C.; but I believe that comparison of the two settings will do nothing to damage Roberto Gerhard's reputation.

The week's programmes provided an interesting historical panorama of settings of the Mass. Machaut's Messe de Notre Dame is a musical primitive, in the historical sense, and it was illuminating, if malicious, to place it next to Stravinsky's 'neo-medieval' setting, in which the composer shows once again his fabulous skill in adapting to his own uses the idioms of the

past. The trouble with these essays is that they remain, palpably, essays; and Stravinsky's *post hoc* theories of music, as an art of pure design rather than of human expression, are shown in all their weakness when his music is placed next to that of the genuine, spontaneous creator. A certain impersonality is demanded of all truly liturgical music, no doubt; but there is no mistaking the difference in depth and human quality between a composer whose personality is really sunk in the contemplation of a mystery outside his own personality and one who consciously adopts the contemplative attitude for aesthetic reasons. Under Herbert Murrill the Hampstead Parish Church choirboys and the B.B.C. men-singers gave an excellent performance and the quality of the singing was noticeably superior to that of the Aachen Cathedral Choir, whose recording of Bruckner's E minor mass was broadcast two nights later. In mid-nineteenth century it was indeed rare to find a composer

capable of writing such wholly natural yet devotional music, liturgically viable and yet deeply personal. The chief weakness in the recording lay in the boys' voices, somewhat strained and poor in attack in the top register, especially in *pianissimo* passages whose ethereal effect was much loved by Bruckner.

Any opportunity to hear Rawsthorne's violin concerto is welcome and Frederick Grinke, playing with the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Ian Whyte, gave a fine account of it. The second movement gains on closer acquaintance and what at first seemed something of a mosaic is shown to have organic unity. The overture to Rossini's 'Il Signor Brusolino', played in the same programme, is overdue for inclusion among the Rossini relics shored against the poverty and monotony of contemporary concert programmes.

MARTIN COOPER

[Mr. Dyneley Hussey will resume his articles in a fortnight]

## Music in 1851

By JOHN HORTON

Music in the Third Programme during the coming week (April 22-28) will consist solely of music that was performed in 1851

**T**HOUGH founded on unimpeachable idealism the Great Exhibition was concerned very much with solid objects, all of them tangible and many of them audible; and as far as music was allowed to play any part it was chiefly through the resource and ingenuity of the instrument-makers and their hired demonstrators. Thus Berlioz, dozing on the stool of Erard's Grand Piano at eight o'clock in the morning, is tapped on the arm by Thalberg, one of his fellow-judges: 'Come, we must be diligent; there are thirty-two musical snuff-boxes, twenty-four accordions, and thirteen bombardons for us to examine today'. Berlioz was by no means out of his element; on the contrary, he held in affection the monstrous octobass sent over by Vuillaume from Paris, where it had already gained an award. It was ten, some say twelve, feet in height, with its three strings stopped by a pedal mechanism, the neck being beyond normal human reach: the very thing for a *nuît de sabbat*. The organ builders were there, too, headed by Father Willis; under Sterndale Bennett's direction the various organs were played in turn while the Queen moved in state around the exhibition halls, and when the Willis instrument was reached 'Her Majesty and the royal party expressed a wish to hear the march from "Die Zauberflöte", which was given by Mr. Cooper with great effect'. In spite of the triumphs of Willis and Broadwood, however, Berlioz went away in the opinion that 'France is easily first in the manufacture of musical instruments. Erard, Sax, and Vuillaume lead'. But it is satisfying to recall that only five years earlier Wagner had advised the purchase from London of new timpani for the Dresden orchestra.

Apart from demonstration recitals, and the requirements of ceremonial which were fulfilled at the official opening by a performance of the National Anthem under the baton of Sir George Smart and the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus conducted by Sir Henry Bishop, there were few musical programmes at the Exhibition itself. English and foreign artists mingled at a command concert held in Buckingham Palace for the entertainment of royal visitors from abroad, but any of those personages who happened to combine musical knowledge with a cynical tongue might have remarked that in the field of musical, as distinct from mechanical, creative-

ness the English had precious little to exhibit. The best we could produce of our own, in a decade that heard first performances of 'Ruslan and Ludmila', 'Don Pasquale', Schumann's Piano Quintet and Piano Concerto, Chopin's B minor Sonata, 'Tannhäuser', 'La Damnation de Faust', and 'Rigoletto', was Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl'. Mendelssohn had dominated the English scene, and it was a national misfortune that 'Elijah' (1846) left thousands with the impression, not of one of the most vivacious personalities of their time, but of the supineness of 'If with all your hearts' and 'O rest in the Lord'. Other men of talent had allowed us glimpses of a richer world: Chopin, whose last public recital had been given to a London audience in the autumn of 1848, and Verdi, whose 'I Masnadieri' had fallen flat at Covent Garden in 1847. As for Berlioz, his London concert of 1848 went off well enough, but it was not his *Te Deum* (composed 1849) but Gounod's 'Messe Solennelle' that was chosen for performance by Hullah and his choir in the year of the Exhibition. Little more than a dozen years ago a choirman told me, with tears of nostalgia, of the days when the anglicanised version of this regrettable work would prolong parish church matins until well into the afternoon.

Any influences that could rouse us from lethargy and complacency were to be welcomed. As early as 1838 Johann Strauss had begun to encourage us to take our pleasures less sleepily, and a few years later Musard and Jullien began their light concerts in London theatres. In the twenty years of his melodramatic career in London Jullien proved that gaiety and *panache* need not be incompatible with technical efficiency and even a reverent approach to the weightier classics. Much of his apparatus—the famous kid gloves and jewelled baton, the giant *Distin* gong-drums, the importation of the band of the Garde Républicaine to play quadrilles, might have been fathered by the Great Exhibition itself; but with its help he captured an audience for serious orchestral music as surely as Paxton's vast greenhouse, when removed to the heights of Sydenham, cherished and fostered it. The Crystal Palace concerts under August Manns from 1856 onwards and the 'Pops' at St. James's Hall from 1859 represented the first stages of a movement that rose through the Henry Wood Promenade Concerts to its astonishing culmination in the 1940s. Jullien,

Manns, and Costa had called in a new world of instrumental music to redress the balance of the older choral tradition, which was to flourish more luxuriantly than ever amid the over-generous reverberations of the Crystal Palace.

The best music to be heard in London in 1851 was provided by the more exclusive clubs and societies. During the past ten years the Philharmonic Society had begun to modify its original programme policy, and no longer mixed orchestral and chamber works 'for not less than three instruments', with complete impartiality, though Hummel's Septet was to appear in an orchestral programme as late as 1861. From 1845 Ella's Musical Union had allowed professional musicians and aristocratic dilettanti—some of the latter, apparently, were far from being terrified amateurs—to sit down side by side with their Spohr and Beethoven. Ella believed in educating his players and audiences, and his voluminous analytical notes, distributed some days before the concert, set a standard that Grove was to emulate in his Crystal Palace programme books. At the Hanover Square Rooms, Sterndale Bennett gave his customary series of chamber concerts in the Exhibition year, though his plan to invite the Schumanns came to nothing.

Bennett's charming, but slight Piano Trio, written for these concerts, is a pallid flower in the desert of native composition at this period. But a dim consciousness of our inheritance was kept alive by some cathedral choirs, by the Madrigal Society (founded in 1741), by the Antient Concerts, which had become defunct in 1848, and by the publications of the Musical Antiquarian Society. Further broadening of horizons was marked in June, 1851, when the Bach Society, recently formed by Bennett and Steggall, published its collection of Six Bach Motets, thereby providing a happy augury of the kind of partnership between research and performance that was to prove a vital element in the renaissance of British music.

Towards that renaissance destiny was maturing her plans; the nine-year-old Arthur Sullivan was learning his notes, and in a Gloucestershire nursery Hubert Parry was mastering the sounds of English speech.

Booking for the B.B.C.'s six recitals of English Song in the Wigmore Hall on Mondays at 8 from May 7 to June 11 is now open—tickets 9s., 6s., to 3s. Full details and tickets may be obtained from the Wigmore Hall, London, and usual agents.





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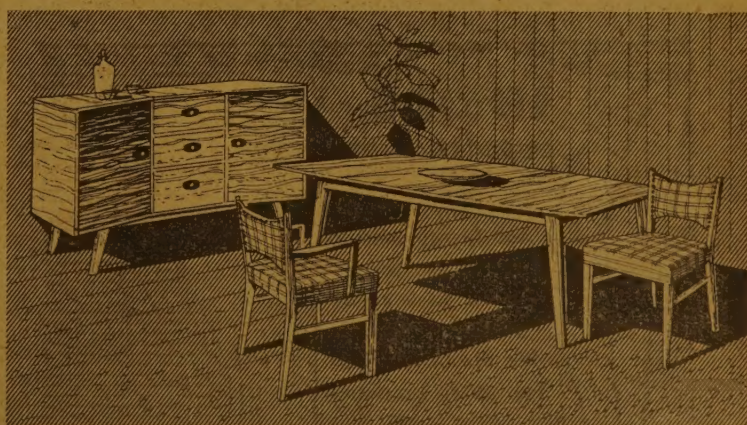
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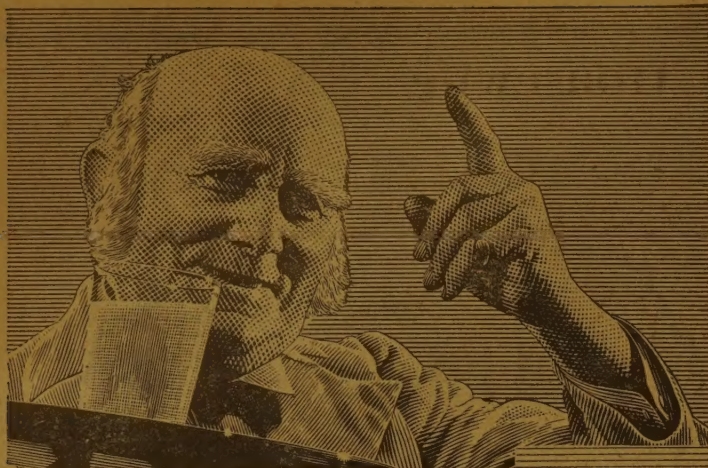
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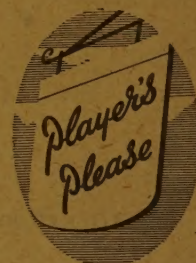
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## Advice for the Housewife

### CLEANING CURTAINS AND CARPETS

WHEN WASHING CURTAINS and chair-covers it is often better not to put them through a wringer, especially curtain materials like artificial silks and rayons. Add 1 teaspoon of acetic acid to every 3-4 pints of the final rinsing water for coloured fabrics, to set the colours. But the best way to prevent colours running is to give yourself plenty of room in the wash-tub so that you can keep the curtains or covers opened out; and to be quick with the process: in fact, keep them well opened out through all the drying process, and do not leave them rolled up, waiting about for the next stage.

Upholstery can be sponged with detergents or ordinary soap, provided you don't get your surface too wet. Greasy places should be gone over once or twice with a little extra-strong foam or soap solution.

When dealing with carpets, first get all the loose dirt out. It is no use trying to sponge out stuff which you can remove while it is dry. If possible, take the carpet on to the lawn or hang it over a line. Beat it or go over it with a vacuum. This saves a great deal of work in the next process, which is a general sponging all over the carpet. Use a soft cloth, soak it in one of the detergents or any soft soap, or carpet soap. Take a small area at a time, say one or two square feet, and when it has been sponged, dry it off as well as you can with clean cloths before going over the next area.

Ammonia is very helpful. And for ink-stains hot glycerine is a great help. Stand the bottle in hot water to warm it, spread it on the fabric, allow it to soak in, and tap it into the fabric with a clean stick. If you have a pad of soft

cloth underneath, that will absorb it as it comes through. Follow with a good rinse in soap or detergent, and a final rise in clear water.

ARTHUR GREENWOOD

### RECIPES USING COD'S ROE

I am always surprised how few people seem to buy cod's roe. It is not terribly expensive—about 1s. 8d. a pound, but the price varies considerably. With 1 pound you can make a very good meal for 4 people.

Try sliced roe fried with bacon. Put it into a saucepan with cold water and bring slowly to the boil: if boiled too quickly, it may break. Remove the roe from the water, when cooled, and leave it on a plate to get quite cold. When it is cold, cut in slices  $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 inch thick, ready for frying. The skin will peel off easily and makes it look nicer. Fry or grill the rashers of bacon, as many as you can spare: grilling brings out the fat, and the fat is necessary for frying and flavouring the cod's roe. When the bacon is cooked, remove it from the pan and keep hot. Fry the slices of cod's roe in the bacon fat until both sides are golden brown. I like a little finely chopped onion fried golden brown at the same time and with the roe, but this is a matter for individual taste.

Serve at once. With potatoes—fried, mashed, or boiled—and perhaps grilled tomatoes; this makes a really good meal.

If you have any cod's roe over, it can be mixed with a little white sauce, or beaten with a little anchovy essence, or lemon, or red pepper, and served on toast as a supper savoury, or a breakfast dish. You could mix it with mashed potato

and make a sort of potato loaf. That is tasty if you serve it with a crisp salad. And cod's roe fish-cakes are about the nicest you can eat.

BLANCHE BLACK

### Some of Our Contributors

ERNST FRIEDLAENDER (page 603): formerly editor of the Hamburg weekly newspaper, *Die Zeit*

ANTHONY CHITTY, F.R.I.B.A., A.M.T.P.I. (page 605): partner in a firm of architects, surveyors and town planning consultants; Assistant Director of Aircraft Production Factories, 1940-43; has recently returned from a lecture tour of Yugoslavia

W. RUSSELL BRAIN, D.M., F.R.C.P. (page 611): President of the Royal College of Physicians  
SETON LLOYD, O.B.E., F.S.A., A.R.I.B.A. (page 612): Director of the British Institute of Archaeology, Ankara; author of *Twin Rivers*, *The Ruined Cities of Iraq*, *Foundations in the Dust*, etc.

TOM HOPKINSON (page 615): editor of *Picture Post*, 1940-50; author of *Mist in the Tagus* (novel), *The Transitory Venus* (short stories), etc.

DR. ALFRED COBBAN (page 617): Reader in Modern French History, London University; author of *Rousseau and the Modern State*, *Edmund Burke and the Revolt Against the Eighteenth Century*, etc.; editor of *The Debate on the French Revolution, 1789-1799*

EDWARD HYAMS (page 623): novelist and author of *From the Waste Land* and *The Grape Vine in England*

### Crossword No. 1,094. Word Ladder V. By Tracer

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, April 26

The answers are in two series: (401) to (449), four-letter; and (501) to (547), five-letter. Each series ends with the word it began with. A number after a serial-number indicates that the answer is to be entered in the diagram at the place specified by the number. The word at the beginning of each series (which, as will be seen, is to be entered in the diagram) is clued verbally; and the same word

at the end of the series is clued verbally again. No other word to be entered in the diagram is clued verbally; all other answers so clued are not for entry; they are bridges between words to be entered; and each word throughout each series has all but one of its letters in common with the next (e.g., MEAL, TEAL, TARE, and so on; or DROWN, CROWN, COWER, and so on). (401) is (501) without its last letter; and (446) is (543) without its first letter. Solvers may (or may not) be interested to know that the thirty-two letters round the periphery of the diagram can be arranged as TALES OF A SAD DEMENTED DADDY BY PEEPAS. Will solvers please send a list of all their answers with their solutions?

#### CLUES

A = Across: D = Down

(401) 1D: Foot. (402) Sound. (403) 6D. (404) Tract. (405) 18. (406) Small vessel. (407) 17D. (408) Project. (409) 20. (410) Left. (411) Stretch. (412) 9. (413) There is a great variety. (414) 23. (415) Poet's sea. (416) 2. (417) Dim. (418) Rumour. (419) 7. (420) . . . fitter being . . . (421) 3. (422) Trifle. (423) Swells. (424) 21. (425) Stone. (426) 4. (427) Spenser's spouse. (428) Hired. (429) 5. (430) Exquisite. (431) Sand-ridge. (432) 10. (433) Squirrel's nest. (434) Clear in the north. (435) 25. (436) Old tithe. (437) 19. (438) Once entertained millions. (439) 22D. (440) Keen half half-dozen. (441) 24. (442) Of little value; but in parts a call to action. (443) 8. (444) Free from a new idea. (445) Moist. (446) 26. (447) Exact. (448) Bubble. (449) 1D: Mean. (501) 1A: Rested as in bed. (502) Burdens. (503) Its king 'brought forth bread and wine'. (504) 31. (505)

Checks. (506) 'Loved this present world'. (507) 12. (508) Mental. (509) Acted in an attempt to evade altogether. (510) 6A. (511) Treat. (512) 'Put 'em i' the ——— alive'. (513) 27. (514) '——— sleeps afar'. (515) 22A. (516) Mother of Aphrodite. (517) 17A. (518) Dark red. (519) Power in Avignon. (520) 16. (521) Scottish ornament. (522) 13. (523) They have visions in trances, and speak a base Erse. (524) 'The heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Feeds among the ———'. (525) Kind of flag. (526) 15. (527) Northern bore. (528) Summer. (529) 29. (530) 11. Lustre. (532) Considered. (533) 14. (534) Indian steward. (535) Character in Goldsmith ballad. (536) Married. (537) 30. (538) 'A ——— paleness spreads o'er all her look'. (539) Strong. (540) 28. (541) Helped in smuggling unpaid edibles. (542) Drifted or spread about the same. (543) 32. (544) Slang life-preserver. (545) Divided into bands. (546) Dammed. (547) 1A: Extremely ill secured.

### Solution to No. 1,092

Y	E	L	L	O	W	Y	O	R	L	I	N	G
L	E	P	I	D	O	S	A	U	R	I	A	
L	A	S	H	E	L	L	P	R	O	O	F	
A	C	R	K	I	N	K	A	J	O	U	A	G
C	I	O	C	V	O	R	T	E	X	N	T	L
I	T	T	I	O	D	U	M	B	A	D	H	O
T	A	C	T	K	I	O	R	E	N	E	M	
I	M	E	S	U	U	J	O	A	T	R	E	
R	E	P	L	H	Q	O	C	S	H	P	I	R
C	L	S	A	Z	A	P	O	T	I	R	N	A
O	B	N	M	U	R	T	S	O	N	O	L	T
P	M	I	C	A	I	L	G	A	B	A	I	
Y	E	S	R	U	O	C	R	E	T	A	W	N
H	T	N	I	C	A	Y	H	E	P	A	R	G

Prizewinners: Mrs. N. G. Holdsworth (Halifax); A. L. Kneen (Heswall); D. R. Laver (West Byfleet); P. Nichols (London, N.20); T. B. Watson (Worcester)

CROSSWORD RULES.—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11					12				
13					14				
15					16				
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27					28				
29					30				
31					32				

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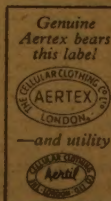
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